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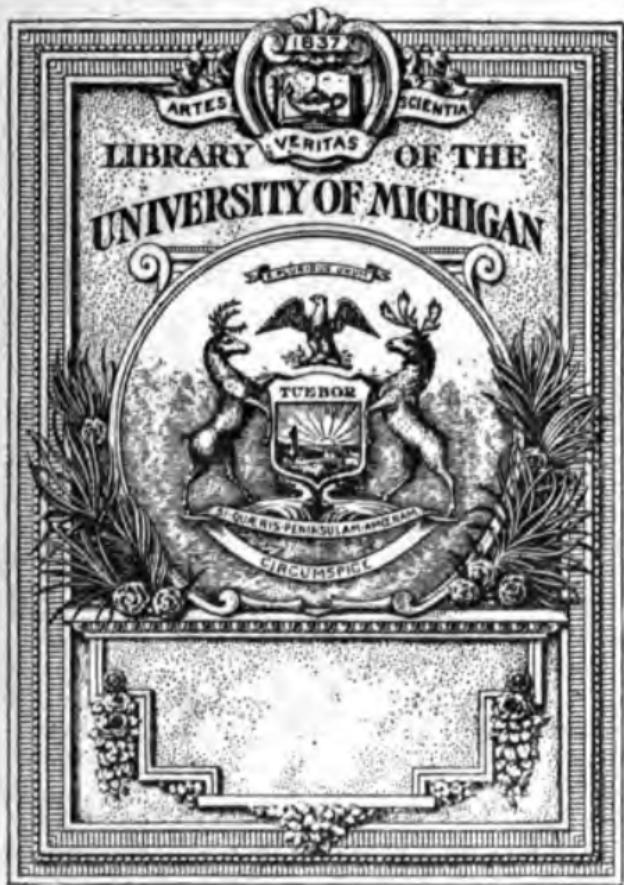
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Γνοῖεν δ', ως δὴ δῆρον, ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι



LYRA APOSTOLICA

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THE following compositions have been reprinted from the "British Magazine," where they had the advantage of originally appearing, in the humble hope that they may be instrumental in recalling or recommending to the reader important Christian truths which are at this day in a way to be forgotten. The publication, having no other object but this, would, according to the original intention, have been strictly anonymous; but one of the writers, in whom the work originated, having been taken from his friends by death, it seemed desirable so far to depart from it, as to record what belonged to him, while it was possible to do so; and this has led to a general discrimination of the poems, by signatures at the end of each.

OXFORD.

The Feast of All Saints, 1836.

393784



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INTRODUCTION

“ **I**T was at Rome that we began the ‘*Lyra Apostolica*.’ The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time. We borrowed from M. Bunsen a ‘*Homer*,’ and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, ‘*You shall know the difference now that I am back again.*’ ”

So wrote Dr Newman in the “*Apologia*”; and the words give exactly the note of the temper with which the book still tingles from cover to cover. It sprang out of a critical hour in which the forces of an historical movement first found speech. It was an hour of high passion, that had been gathering for some onset dimly foreseen, and had now, at last, won free vent, and had flung itself out in articulate defiance. After long and restless uneasiness, the die was cast; the venture was to be run. The world was to be made aware that things were not going to run smooth with it; that its victory was not so sure as it seemed; that there was an adversary in the field who had counted the cost, and was not afraid to challenge it to arms. Too long had the battle been slack and half-hearted, until men had almost forgotten that there was any battle to be fought. It had been as a battle

fought in a dream, purposeless and unreal. Friend and foe had mingled in shadowy confusion. No one was in earnest. The war-cries sounded thin and absurd. The heart had gone out of them. There were no chiefs to rally the hosts on whom the panic of a nerveless impotence had fallen.

So it had been.

But now all is to be changed. Trumpets are to blow. Banners are to wave. Chiefs are charging. The battle goes forward. It is to be grim work again. Keen the call and swift the onset. Once again, men must do, and dare, and die.

So felt Hurrell Froude and Newman on the day on which they borrowed Bunsen's "Homer." And every poem that Newman sent home for the "British Magazine" bore the mark of a man who had flung himself into a Cause, and was ready for all the unknown sacrifices which such a Cause might demand of him. "I began to think that I had a mission." "We have a work to do in England." "I speak, throughout these compositions, of the vision which haunted me." So he writes of himself, looking back on the tempestuous time. And when he was struck down by fever, alone in Sicily, he kept murmuring: "I shall not die! I shall not die!" And, again, he burst into sobs, weak from illness, and cried: "I have a work to do in England!" "Now it was that I repeated the words which had ever been dear to me from my school days, 'Exoriare aliquis.'" He was "aching to get home" to the call which he felt

to be somehow waiting for him. On the first Sunday after his arrival, the voice of Keble preaching the famous Assize sermon in the University pulpit at Oxford rang out the call to arms for which his soul was athirst.

The book, therefore, has throughout a touch of defiance, a breath of war.

The ark of God is in the field,
Like clouds around, the alien armies sweep.
Each by his spear, beneath his shield,
In cold and dew the anointed warriors sleep.
Oh ! dream no more of quiet life.

There is even felt, breaking through its solemnities, something that Newman himself recognised as fierce. He speaks in the "Lyra" of "learning to hate, before daring to love."

And this is typical of the strain of his mood. He was preparing "for the spoiling of goods and martyrdom," and was inclined to desire this as "a blessed termination" for the Bishops of the Church.

He was resolved to shatter the dream of those who would fain

" Give any boon for peace !
Why should our fair-eyed Mother e'er engage
In the world's course and on a troubled stage,
From which her very call is a release ?
No ! in thy garden stand,
And tend with pious hand
The flowers thou findest there,
Which are thy proper care,
O man of God ! in meekness and in love,
And waiting for the blissful realms above."

Alas ! for thou must learn,
Thou guileless one ! rough is the holy hand !
Runs not the Word of Truth through every land,
A sword to sever, and a fire to burn ?
If blessed Paul had stayed
In cot or learned shade,
With the priest's white attire,
And the saints' tuneful choir,
Men had not gnashed their teeth, nor risen to slay ;
But thou hadst been a heathen in thy day.

We are in a different atmosphere to the “Christian Year”; though there, too, the tone and teaching are often severe; but in the “Lyra,” there is added to the severity the sense of alarm, anxiety, revolt, even scorn. This contrast is felt in the actual structure of the verse, which has a sharper edge, a swifter pace, than in the earlier book. The more intense and compacter language of the “Lyra” signalises the pressure and the stress of a crisis.

With the defiance, goes also a strong note of confidence. The men who write, however dark their outlook seems to be, speak as those who see their way, and have made their choice, and have found their speech, and have no doubt at all about the issue. There was a certain rapture of recklessness about them at the time, such as belongs to young souls who have let themselves go under the inspiration of a high adventure. They have burnt their boats. There is no going back. Forward all hearts are set. The opportunity is come. It is now or never.

Hurrell Froude was the embodiment to them of this spirit of confidence, with its tinge of

audacity. He had the glow and the fascination of a man consecrated to a cause. He wrote very little of the book, but his touch is on it everywhere. And in a poem like "The Watchman," with its splendid swing and its radiant courage, we can see how the subtler brain of Newman was swept by the fire and force of the man who was to him like an inspiration.

Faint not, and fret not, for threatened woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height !

Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
Ill-attuned pair unite ;
Some work for love, and some work for hire,
But weakness shall be Heaven's might !

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight ;
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
And one is the Infinite ;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might.

And with Froude, too, is to be associated much of the stress laid on personal discipline which so deeply marks the poems, and which was so congenial to both Newman and Keble. The knight who would gird on his sword for this fray must have the spirit in him tempered

by fire, and the body chastened by patient training.

Wash thee and watch thine armour, as of old
 The Champions vowed of Truth and Purity,
 Ere the bright mantle might their limbs enfold,
 Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie.

Chivalry is ascetic. The confidence of the young warrior is no loud boastfulness of the flesh. It springs out of austere self-subduing, out of watching, and fasting, and scourging. No undisciplined zeal can be tolerated in the cause that they have in hand: no loose and reckless courage will carry through. One of the most striking and vivid poems flings its rebuke against the untempered spirit which says with Jehu, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord."

*Thou to wax fierce
 In the cause of the Lord,
 To threat and to pierce
 With the heavenly sword ;
 Anger and Zeal,
 And the Joy of the brave,
 Who bade *thee* to feel,
 Sin's slave*

*The Altar's pure flame
 Consumes as it soars ;
 Faith meetly may blame,
 For it serves and adores.
 Thou warnest and smitest !
 Yet Christ must atone
 For a soul that thou slightest—
 Thine own.*

And poem after poem of Newman's turns on the self-repression which is the essential note of

every true soldier of God. Not only do the lower desires need to be brought severely under rule, but the purest and highest instincts fall under the punishing rod and the purging fire.

The Gospel Creed, a sword of strife,
Meek hands alone may rear :
And ever zeal begins its life
In silent thought and fear.

Or again :

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

The exquisite poem named "Chastisement," which is charged with so much that is characteristically personal, is so familiar that it hardly needs to be quoted : but, perhaps, it may be allowed us to remind ourselves of the lines on "Discipline," which bear witness to their continued and unresting expectation of an ever-deepening self-distrust.

When I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new way ;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.

So now whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

All the heart of the men comes out in this cry for control, for austerity. It expressed their revolt against the glib and shallow tolerance of the popular religion, and the loose and boneless sentimentality of the prevailing Evangelicalism. They were determined to show that religion was a school of character, keen, serious, and real, which claimed not merely the feeling or the reason, but rather the entire manhood, so that every element and capacity were to be brought into subjection under the law of Christ, and to be governed in subordination to the supreme purpose of the redemptive Will. No labour could be too minute or too precise, which was needful to bend the complete body of energies under the yoke of this dedicated service. Hurrell Froude's Diary, edited by Newman and Keble, startled the easy-going world of the Thirties by its exhibition of the thoroughness and the rigour and the precision with which this self-discipline had been carried out. Such a temper of mind was, of course, capable of becoming morbid, strained, unnatural. And, in the hands of smaller men, it would rapidly show traces of this. But here, in the "Lyra," it is still fresh and clean; and the men themselves, who are under its austere fascination, are so abounding in vitality, and so rich in personal distinction, and

so abhorrent of anything pedantic or conventional, that the record of it cannot but brace us into wholesome alarm. Again and again, these arrow-flights of verse will be found to pierce through joint and marrow with the same terrible precision with which so many sentences in the Parochial Sermons smite and sting. The armour of our self-complacency shivers under the swift shafts. We are convicted of self-will there where we most trusted our spiritual sincerity.

Even holiest deeds
 Shroud not the soul from God nor soothe its needs.
 Deny thee thine own fears and wait the end.
 Stern lesson ! Let me con it day by day,
 And learn to kneel before the Omniscient Ray,
 Nor shrink while Truth's avenging shafts descend

The stress laid on “works” by this stern life of discipline did not for a moment, in these days of fresh-hearted faith, beguile them into any Pharisaic arrest of spiritual movement. It bred in them no comfortable self-content. Rather, its increasing strain only served to bring out its impotence to achieve, and the need of tireless advance, under the pressure of the schooling Will of God.

“Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed,
 And sackcloth has my girdle been,
 To purge my soul I have essayed
 With hunger blank and vigil keen ;
 O God of Mercy ! why am I
 Still haunted by the self I fly ?”

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
 O bind it round thee still :

xxvi INTRODUCTION

Fasting, it is Angel's food,
And Jesus loved the night-air chill ;
Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step 'twixt earth and Heaven.

And who were the foes against whom this chivalry had set its array? And what was the cause for which they had consecrated their high service?

Dr Newman has given the foe a name; and has, under attack, defended and explained his choice of the name.

He called them “the Liberals”; and anyone who desires to enter into the spirit of the “Lyra,” must read, in the special note appended to the “Apologia,” the significance which the word bore to the writers.

We must remember what the Liberalism of the Thirties was, if we would understand the indignation with which these men set themselves to repudiate it. It was the Liberalism of rational enlightenment. It believed that the evils and sorrows of humanity would fade away before the instructed intelligence. It was hard, confident, aggressive. It had the easy air of superiority which belongs to those who have never faced the deep underlying issues of life. It omitted these from its calculation. Everything, for it, was on the surface; was plain; was uncomplicated. The cool reason, the average common-sense, the ordinary experience of the man in the street, were its sufficing standards. It abhorred mystery. It had no touch of reverence, awe, mysticism. It was frankly utilitarian. It was at the mercy of a bland and shallow

optimism. Not that it was not doing an immense deal of practical good. It was opening doors of freedom. It was breaking down barriers. It was spreading knowledge. It was extending the range of social happiness. It was widening the old horizons of philanthropic effort. It was relieving men from the burdens and terrors of ignorant bigotry. It was insisting that institutions should do the work for which they were intended. It was bent on applying the test of real use for the public welfare to all the resources of Civilisation, which were locked up, too often, by the selfishness of prejudice, and the idleness of indifference.

But, in spite of all this beneficial activity, Liberalism was felt, by those ardent young men at Oxford, to be their enemy. And it was this, because it left out that which to them was the one fact of supreme importance—the soul.

Liberalism, as it was understood in the days of Lord Brougham, and of Benthamism, knew nothing of the soul's entralling drama—its tragic heights and depths, its absorbing wonder, its momentous agonies, its infinite pathos, its tempestuous struggle, its mysterious sin, its passion, its penitence, and its tears. All this Liberalism passed over, as of no account. It was for it a veiled world, into which it possessed no way of entry. It came not into its secret, and moreover, it was content to be excluded. It was inclined to sweep it all aside, as the rubbish of superstition. It was unaware of its own blind-

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ness. It was confident in its own adequacy to set human life straight, without regard to this disturbing matter.

It was this shallow self-sufficiency which stung the strong soul of Carlyle into fierce revolt. In him, the elements which rational enlightenment fancied it had disposed of, re-asserted their volcanic intensity. Through his voice, humanity defied the comfortable bribes of utilitarianism, and revealed itself once again as the passionate Pilgrim of Time, for ever seeking an unknown and eternal Goal. And this recoil of Carlyle, prophetic in its force, yet empty of any Gospel-message, had its parallel at Oxford in a shape which he himself could not recognise, and, because he could not recognise, savagely abused. The recoil began with John Keble. It was he, as Newman says, who first initiated the movement counter to what was known as "the march of mind." The "march of mind" had been mainly represented in Oxford by the famous College of which all the writers of the "Lyra" became Fellows. Oriel had been the centre of intellectual reform, under Copleston and Whately. Its Common-Room constituted that "Aristocracy of Talent," against which Hurrell Froude plied his jokes and scoffs. "Poor Keble," he ironically said, "he was asked to join the aristocracy of talent; but he soon found his level." Every fibre of Keble's soul revolted against any temper that would smoothe over the dark realities of sin, or would cheapen the tremendous issues of human character and human choice, or would rob earth of its imaginative mystery, or would

trifle with the awful significance of word or deed in the light of Doom. Truth was, for him, no thin logical consistency, but a Vision of Eternal Reality, which smote in upon the conscience of man with the solemnity of a moral challenge. Liberalism embodied, according to Newman's analysis, the spirit of rationalism, and the claim of the human reason to sit in judgment upon dogmatic revelation. And, against this, Keble recalled to men the teaching of Bishop Butler on the moral nature of the evidence by which spiritual convictions were reached. To the mere reason, this evidence could not get beyond suggestive probabilities; but these probabilities were used, by the living spirit of man, as an indication of the personal Will of God, which could be read by the soul that was in tune with that Will. So probabilities became certitudes. "I will guide thee with mine Eye," was Keble's favourite example of the mode in which Divine truth touched the soul. By deep glimpses, by rare flashes, by a momentary glance, the Eye of God could make us aware of Truths far beyond the understanding of reason. Such Truths possessed authority, which we could not dissect or critically examine. They were revelations of the mind of Him with Whom we had to deal. So Authority was the key-note of Keble's thinking, in antithesis to the Reason of Liberal enlightenment. And Authority was shown, as Mr Balfour has again shown us in our own day, to rest on profound instincts of human nature, which had their roots far down out of sight, and defied rational analysis. Emotion, Imagination,

Association, Tradition, Conscience, all played their part in the creation of that temper which found its joyful freedom in surrendering to Authority.

Keble's close and penetrating study of the Imagination as it discloses itself in great poetry had made him intensely appreciative of the high powers at work upon man's life, which the mere logical understanding was hopelessly incapable of handling. His own poetry, which found its inspiration so much in the intangible wonder of childhood, and in "the light that never was on sea or land," abhorred the matter-of-fact hardness which reduced everything to the level of things that could be tabulated and explained.

And Keble was dominant, let us remember, over those with whom we are concerned. Every record of the stirring time which has lately appeared has served to remind us of this dominance. He was the oldest of them. He had an incomparable reputation. His beauty and strength of character won their enthusiastic affection. And his courage and tenacity were masterful. There is a curious superstition that he was merely gentle and quiet and meek. As a fact, his meekness (which was almost a passion) was the veil of a singular force of character, which showed itself in impulsive boldness and in the inflexibility of a soldier sworn to hold the fort. In all emergencies, his judgment went instinctively towards the course that was most daring, and most dangerous. It was natural to him to take the line that would cost most, and that would demand the severest strain. He had

the warrior's sternness, and the martyr's fire. There was a good deal of fight in what was known as "the Bisley school," led by Keble and his brother Thomas. They were not at all afraid to pit themselves, with some fierceness, against the prevailing fashion of thought. Let us hear how John Keble can set the war-horn to his lips, and bid it speak with no uncertain sound,

Israel yet hath thousands sealed
Who to Baal never kneeled.
Seize the banner, spread its fold !
Seize it with no faltering hold !
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there !

Or again, in his noble memorial to Hooker :

Voice of the wise of old !
Go breathe thy thrilling whispers now
In cells where learned eyes late vigils hold,
And teach proud Science where to veil her brow.

Voice of the meekest man !
Now while the Church for combat arms,
Calmly do thou confirm her awful ban,
Thy words to her be conquering, soothing charms.

Voice of the fearless Saint !
Ring like a trump, where gentle hearts
Beat high for Truth, but, doubting, cower and faint :—
Tell them the hour is come, and they must take
their parts.

And Newman at this time was feeling the full influence of John Keble. In his fever in South Italy he tells us how he saw that he was himself but as a cold mirror through which the ideas and convictions of Keble passed. Their colour, their heat was not his own. This self-

analysis was, no doubt, morbid and exaggerated : he was sickening fast unto the malaria. But the thought, nevertheless, would have been impossible, unless the facts were such that they allowed themselves to be put in that way. It is under Keble's inspiration that he flings his rebuke against "Liberalism"—the Liberalism that is as Jehu who destroyed Baal and yet kept the golden calves.

Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace—
Men of presumptuous mind ! I know you well !

And as we read the series of poems by Bowden, Newman's dear and intimate friend, on the Religion of the Majority (cxlii.), National Property (cxliii.), National Degradation (cxliv.), and Prospects of the Church (cxlv.) : or again, the long poem of Isaac Williams called Expostulation (cxiii.) in which the claim for freedom appears as the voice of Anti-Christ, we are aware of the same atmosphere and the same mood. If we desire to learn whence these are formed, we have but to read the sequence of poems by Keble which fill the last quarter of the volume. The warmth of his indignation gives fire to his verse. The lines are compact, firm, decisive. The passion is concentrated, and charged with flame.

'Let us depart'! those English souls are seared
Who for one grasp of perishable gold
Would brave the curse by holy men of old
Laid on the robbers of the shrines they reared.
Let us depart ; and leave the apostate land
To meet the rising whirlwind as it may,
Without her guardian angels or her God. (cxiv.).

And, again, in the poem on Elijah and the Messengers of Ahaziah (cliv.).

Oh ! tell me not of royal hosts :—

One hermit strong in fast and prayer,

Shall gird his sackcloth on, and scare

Whate'er the vain world boasts :

And thunder-stricken chiefs return

To tell their Lord how dire the Church's lightnings burn.

These were the fiery words which roused the slumbering church at the moment when the Whig Reformers, the types in statesmanship of all that was secular and superficial and unreverential in “the march of mind,” were undertaking to set the Bishops’ houses in order for them, and to carry out utilitarian improvements in the Church’s System according to the mind of Erastianism and by the power of Parliament. It was the summary abolition of Irish Bishoprics by the authority of the State which gave the signal for the war which Keble proclaimed in the Assize Sermon, and which fills the “*Lyra*” with the clash of arms.

Liberalism, then, understood in this sense, was the foe. And the Cause for which the trumpets blew was, above all things, the Cause of the Church.

Everything combined to emphasise, at that critical hour, the significance of the historic and national Church of England. Not only was it the immediate object of attack, and of spoliation, but its own adherents had lost belief in its reality and in its gifts. The very memory of its claims seemed to be perishing. Men crept about, trembling for her safety, not

daring to hope, weak-kneed, apologetic, ashamed. They were prepared to bargain away her rights, to let her sink to a humbler level, to see her pinched and starved if only she be allowed to survive in beggarly meanness. It was a day for compromising, for coming to terms with the loud and arrogant world, which dismissed so contemptuously her obsolete dogmas and out-of-date assumptions. So Churchmen whispered one to another. The air was tainted with the cowardice of a great surrender. The defence was under-mined, just when the peril was direst. To realise the general despair about the church that was shaking men's souls in 1832, it is good to glance through the pages of a book like the "*Greville Memoirs*," in which a man of the world records his profound sense of the imminent ruin that threatens Church and State; or to read the petitions and declarations of the early Irvingite movement, in which spiritual men sent out their cry of desperate dismay, to show they could only hope for some new outpouring of the Spirit into a new Apostolate and a new Catholic Body.

It is this situation which accounts for the heat that burns through the "*Lyra*." These men have set themselves to revive the conception of a Catholic Church in those who profess to believe in her.

They have got to shatter their fears; to break in pieces their timid apologetics; to scout their compromises; to denounce their retreats; to shake them out of their lethargy; to rally them from their panic; to drive them into irrevocable

decisions : to deprive them of the opportunity of surrender. Such a work can only be done by vehemence, by force, by strong utterance and fiery onsets. The language used must be sharp and clear. Dilemmas must be pressed home. Alternatives must be excluded. We are in the temper of Elijah's challenge. "How long halt ye between two opinions ? If the Lord be God follow him, but if Baal then follow him." The timidity of the faithless must be scorned into recovery by the rehearsal of the full splendours of the Church which they would betray. Far from conceding this, and yielding that, every claim of hers must be asserted in its paramount validity, every honourable endowment of hers must be boldly proclaimed, all her terror must be vigorously upheld. She must come forth in her comeliness, in her majesty, in her strength, beautiful as an army with banners, rejoicing, as the sun, to run her course. Not by minimising her Creed, but by magnifying her name, is the peril to be repelled, and the day to be saved. The note, which rings out again and again, is struck by Keble with emphatic distinctness in the stanzas on "The One Way."

One only Way to Life ;
One Faith, delivered once for all ;
One holy Band, endowed with Heaven's high call ;
One earnest, endless Strife ;—
This is the Church, th' Eternal framed of old.

Smooth open ways, good store ;
A Creed for every clime and age,
By Mammon's touch new moulded o'er and o'er
No cross, no war to wage ;—
This is the Church our earth-dimmed eyes behold.

But ways must have an end,
 Creeds undergo the trial flame;
 Nor with th' impure the Saints forever blend,
 Heaven's glory with our shame:
 Think on that hour, and choose 'twixt soft and bold.

Newman, who has denounced the attack of Liberalism so vigorously, finds the weak and worldly defence of the traditional Conservatism as repulsive and as dangerous. "My soul is among lions" is the text that he quotes over the poem named Conservatism (cxxi.) "and I lie even among the children of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword." The degradation of the alliance lacerated him.

How long, O Lord of grace,
 Must languish Thy true race,
 In a forced friendship linked with Belial here;
 With Mammon's brand of care,
 And Baal pleading fair,
 And the dog-breed who at Thy Temple jeer?

How long, O Lord, how long
 Shall Cæsar do us wrong,
 Laid but as steps to thronè his mortal power?
 While e'en our Angels stand
 With helpless voice and hand,
 Scorned by proud Haman, in his triumph-hour.

Newman was, at this time, in the full tide of brimming confidence in the Church which he was so passionately bent on serving. Here, again, he was under the sway of Keble, whose belief in the Catholicity of the Church of England was deep and traditional, based on the teaching of the great Caroline Divines, and Anglican in every nerve and fibre. And, with Keble, were Hur-

rell Froude, radiantly sure of his position ; and Bowden over whose grave Newman wept bitter tears, thinking of the secret misery in his soul which his friend had never suspected or shared ; and Isaac Williams, whose Anglican instincts drew him away from Newman as soon as the first symptoms of restlessness began to show themselves. Robert Wilberforce, head of the band, had that in him which would afterwards lead him the same road as Newman : but he wrote very little in the book, and was still young and unformed.

So it is that the "Lyra" springs out of the heart of a faith in the true mission and authority of the Church, which knew no question, and felt no hesitation. It is the song-book of English Catholicity, in its most militant and defiant mood, sure of its message, confident in its claim. It is the logical expression of a Church charged with national memories, rooted in the soil, in possession of its own immemorial inheritance, imbedded in the traditions of our English countryside. We can hear the very voice of Keble speak to us in Newman's well-known poem, the first in the book :

Where'er I roam in this fair English land,
 The vision of a temple meets my eyes :
 Modest without ; within, all glorious rise
 Its love-enclustered columns, and expand
 Their slender arms. Like olive plants they stand,
 Each answering each in home's soft sympathies,
 Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
 Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
 Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
 The same and not the same, go where I will,

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The vision beams ! ten thousand shrines, all one.
Dear fertile soil ! what foreign culture bears
Such fruit ? And I through distant climes may run
My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.

There is no touch of Roman inclinations from end to end of the book : no straining and fretting at Anglican limitation. The Vincentian Rule of Faith is sufficient to condemn novelties and aberration, whether Romish, Swiss, or Lutheran (*cf.* No. xcix.). Oddly enough, there does not happen to be a single poem on the Blessed Virgin. This must have been accidental ; but the accident itself shows how remote the book is from even the instinct that leads to any over-pressure in the direction.

The typical reserve of the English Church is exquisitely caught in the poems on the Departed ; and especially in the famous lines—

They are at rest :

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer addrest
In waywardness to those,
Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

We know from the *Apologia* how very slight was Newman's contact with the Roman Church abroad : and how he first learnt to soften the severity of his traditional condemnation of her under the influence of Hurrell Froude. The change is to be felt in the transition from the two sonnets on "Rome," and "the Cruel Church" (*cf.* No. clxxii., clxxiii.), to the third ode, called "The Good Samaritan."

O that thy creed were sound :
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful
gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
The home-sick solitary finds a friend :
Thoughts, prisoned long for lack of speech, outpour
Their tears ; and doubts in resignation end.
I almost fainted from the long delay,
That tangles me within this languid bay.
When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and wine to tend.

It was the Catholic Church established in England, rudely threatened from without, unbefriended from within, which the writers set themselves, without reserve, to rescue from contempt. And poetry was their natural method, because they ardently desired to show that she was not the common-place, smug, prosaic affair which contemptuous Whigs imagined that they could handle as they chose. Nay ! she could appeal to the imagination, and to the conscience, and to the heart. She had in her the secret of romance, the charm of antiquity, the weight of historic authority, the pathos of a troubled and a stormy past, the beauty of a venerable martyr, the honour, the majesty, the radiance of the Church of Christ against which no gates of Hell should e'er prevail. Here, in it, the dream of the soul found full expression. Here was a kingdom, real and strong and living, which could hold its own against the pressure of all the rising kingdoms of the world.

So they said : so they sang : this volume of verse is the record of their great and fiery passion. And there are three notes which they especially emphasise in this Church of their desire, and which they pit against the invading worldliness, whether of its foes or its friends.

First, Authority. Liberalism was, to them, rationalism ; and rationalism meant the adequacy, the supremacy of the present mind, in its momentary modern shape, to judge all things in heaven and earth. Against this they set, as we have said, the Butlerian argument from probability, which appealed to the multiform nature of the evidence on which spiritual convictions rest, and of the moral character of the judgment which has to draw the conclusions. And, in estimating these probabilities, and in drawing the right conclusions, the weight of ancient learning, and the moral authority of saints, count for more than the casual and undisciplined opinions of to-day. The Church of England appeals to this high standard of truth. She invites the aid of the great doctors and theologians in delivering her creed aright. All the splendid names of the past are hers. She speaks the language of Clement, and Cyprian, and Athanasius, and Basil, and Augustine. The sonnets in honour of these teachers are characteristic of the scholars who have become the Church's champions, and of the movement which dates itself from a University. And the fervour of their “new learning” is felt in Newman’s wistful words when, at Messina, he can hardly allow himself to be stirred by classic memories ;

Though wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart
Upon these scenes of ancient heathen fame.

And in his vigorous poem over the “Greek Fathers” (xci)—

Let others sing thy heathen praise,
Fallen Greece! the thought of holier days
In my sad heart abides;
For sons of thine in Truth’s first hour
Were tongues and weapons of his power,
Born of the Spirit’s fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides.

It is in this poem that he gives to Athanasius the epithet that has clung to him “Royal-hearted Athanase.”

To this rich armoury of argument, in the Fathers of the Undivided Church, they turned for help against the thin reasonings of a superficial enlightenment; and few pictures are more beautiful than that in which Keble images the scholar among his books as a soldier of the later times, taking down his father’s weapons to feel their edge and try their metal. It occurs in the address of the Churchman to his Lamp (lxiv.).

Come, twinkle in my lonely room,
Companion true in hours of gloom;
Come, light me on a little space,
The heavenly vision to retrace,
By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
My Mother’s glories ere she fell.

Yet by His grace, whose breathing gives
Life to the faintest spark that lives,
I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our father’s armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bathed on high.

Secondly, they looked to the Church for Discipline over against an age that revolted from all restraint. This revolt had, indeed, its justification in throwing off the fetters of prejudice and tyranny. But in refusing restraint from without, it naturally was apt to ignore the compulsion set by conscience and by the law of true liberty upon individual passion. Carlyle was sounding his loud protest against the liberty of the fool to make a fool of himself. He was demanding, in his "purple" manner, the strong hand of the true Ruler of men. Our poets were recalling men to the same verity. All life of the soul is won through restraint, through repression, through austere law. Only, instead of the strong Ruler, they offered the discipline of the Church. The Church was the true school of character. In her lay the authority to interpret and apply the moral law of the soul's freedom. With her was the seat of judgment, the rod of correction, the privilege of acquittal. She held the keys. She banned or pardoned. She had her careful and experienced system, by which the soul slowly won self-mastery. She had balm for wounds; warnings in peril; alternation of severity and comfort.

Here was the deeper conception of freedom, than that of mere freedom from restraint. In the Church, the life of the soul found the liberty of a spiritual growth according to the law of a free divine Society.

Thirdly, they turned to the Church as the home and refuge of Mystery. Human life was losing all its mystery under the hard and dry

light of a practical utilitarianism. The earth was stiffening into a blind piece of mechanism under the handling of necessitarian Science.

In defiance of this naked materialism, the Tractarians brought forward the rival conception of Sacramentalism. For them the visible and the tangible were but the symbols of a transcendent life, the vesture of the spirit, through which its motions made themselves felt. They rejected absolutely the notion of a material earth, isolated and complete, working by cast-iron laws, in the mechanical deadness of unintelligent force. On the contrary, it was alive with a life not its own, which alone gave it meaning; and this life was personal, intelligent, sympathetic, communicable to man. In and through Nature, spirit spoke with spirit, man came in touch with God. The Church gave him the true cue by which to interpret the external world, through its sacramental use of material vehicles by which to realise spiritual power. Sacraments were no accidental ecclesiastical form. They were in harmony with the being of things. The world was sacramental. That which was a truism inside the Church, Wordsworth had long ago verified in his own experience. Nature was the symbolic utterance of the unseen God. And, just as to him, listening to the cuckoo as it recalled the days of happy boyhood,

“the earth” he paced,
again appeared to him as
“an unsubstantial fairy place.”
so, to Newman, possessed by the sacramental

idea, the earth appeared no solid mass, but a moving vision, within which angels passed and repassed, in pliable intercourse, in quivering transitions. Their hands were about him ; he could all but see their faces ; the breath of their presence made him ever grave. He has told us in the *Apologia* of his mood at this time. He had never read Bishop Berkeley ; but he had arrived at the Bishop's idealism, out of which all the substantiality of what we mean by "matter" had vanished away. It was in this mind that he wrote the beautiful sonnet—

Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend,
His foot-prints, and his vesture-skirts of light,
Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
With my hid thought ;—or stoops him to attend
My doubtful-pleading grief ;—or blunts the might
Of ill I see not ; or in dreams of night
Figures the scope in which what is will end ?
Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
That vision real ; for to the thoughtful mind
That walks with Him, He half unveils His face :
But when on common men such shadows fall,
These dare not make their own the gifts they find,
Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

He is quite fantastic in his speculation over the Angels who inhabit Nations ; and more especially over the particular Angel who makes "John Bull" to be what he is. He gave exquisite and characteristic expression of this belief in the sermon on the Angels, for Michaelmas Day 1831 ; and the same strain of thought is familiar enough to all in the last lines of "Lead, kindly light" :

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The Oxford Movement was an effort to recover the sense of mystery in life; and now that we have all, gnostic and agnostic alike, recognised the impossibility of cutting life down to the four-square limitations which seemed all-sufficing in the days of Brougham and Macaulay; now that the thunder of Carlyle and the glamour of Ruskin have passed into the common imagination; now that the poets have once more shed the gleam of consecration upon land and sea; we can enter into the struggle of sacramentalism in its stubborn repudiation of the prevailing mechanism, and can easily forgive the heroes of the resistance, if, in the storm of the conflict, they now and again fell into fantastic exaggeration.

Authority, Discipline, Mystery—these are the three ruling motives in their uplifting of the ideal Catholic Church. The book lies there, a perfect record of the temper with which a united band of friends set out on a high venture in an hour of peril and distress. They were held together by all the glowing confidence which belongs to a chivalrous company, who have sworn themselves to a cause which they will serve unto death. The hour was one of strange intensity. The men were nobly endowed. They had imaginative and intellectual gifts of a rare order; and these had been trained under the fine discipline which Oxford scholarship still retained. Above all, they spoke out of the heart of a moral awakening, which lent exultation to characters aflame with the ardour of righteousness; and which touched

to its finest power the insight and the conscience of the greatest master of spiritual truth that this century has seen. Two of them were in reality poets, Keble and Isaac Williams; while Newman carried to its highest point the capacity of a man of genius to express himself in verse. A book that is born out of such travail has a singular fascination. It is instinct with a passion that endows it from end to end with the power to smite home. It is thrown off at one blow, as it were. Through all its varied music there is the tenacious coherence that belongs to a single motive, and a dominant purpose, and a common inspiration. The colour, the emotion, of the hour hold throughout. The utterance is keen and incisive, yet delicately refined. The occasion is noble and historic; yet its high themes, reaching from earth to heaven, permit of, and absorb, an infinite richness of human feeling and personal interest. Thus everything conspires to make it notable.

True, the fierceness of the battle-strain tends to limit its significance to the special crisis out of which it was born. We feel that their warfare often is not ours. We wonder at their heat: we recoil from their strained language. The terror of the day is passed; and the long war between the Church and the world has taken other shapes for us. But it was through the stress of their conflict that the poetry rose so high; and their nobility of spirit, as it reveals itself through their verse, may well shame the languor and the cowardice with which we bear our part in the age-long strife. Nor only this.

For the most perfect poem in the book tells how, even in the heat of strife, these men attained a haven of hope and tenderness and peace such as we, in our genial tolerance, but rarely touch. In the stanzas to the Winter Thrush, Keble reaches his highest level. The poem is charged with the very spirit of Wordsworth. It lifts us above the tumults and the fears of the hour, and takes us out into the large horizon and sweet breath of kindly Nature. We are rebuked for our doubts and our despair. The last word, and the best, is given to love.

Sweet bird ! up earliest in the morn,
 Up earliest in the year,
 Far in the quiet mist are borne
 Thy matins soft and clear.

• • • • •
 That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
 That morning note is still ;
 The dun dark day comes lowering on
 The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive ;
 The sweet bird's early song,
 Ere evening fall, shall oft revive,
 And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King ?
 He sworn with us to be ?
 The birds that chant before the spring,
 Are truer far than we.

H. S. H.



A CRITICAL NOTE

WHEN one recollects under what circumstances the "Lyra Apostolica" was composed, that it was part of an organised propaganda, a lyrical adjunct to the "Tracts for the Times," it is not a little wonderful that as poetry so much of it should be so good. That it is as good as it is must be due to the fact that its authors had enthusiasm and also ideas, for ideas and enthusiasm are essential ingredients in any poetry. All poets have used their skill, occasionally and incidentally, to give form and force to moral ideas, and the greater the poet the more of such gnomic utterances can be culled from his writings; so that it was a quite legitimate ambition, on the part of the early Tractarians, to wish to gain emphasis and currency for certain forgotten religious notions by throwing them into a shape that should arrest the mind and cling to the memory. More than this they would have disclaimed; and the zeal with which they urged their correspondents to join them in the enterprise shows that they made no pretension to any more distinctively poetical genius.

"We have in contemplation," writes Newman to F. Rogers, afterwards Lord Blachford, "to

set up a verse department in Rose's Magazine for all right purposes, and I am (not beating up, but) looking for recruits. Do not mention this, but we have hopes of making an effective quasi-political engine, without every contribution being of that character. Do not stirring times bring out poets? Do they not give opportunity for the rhetoric of poetry and the persuasion? And may we not at least produce the shadows of high things, if not the high things themselves?" And he points the letter by saying "If you do not already write verses, I can only say the sooner you do the better, for while your eyes are bad, it would be an amusement" (Dec. 1, 1832; "Letters," i. 281).

Most of Newman's pieces were composed on the *voyage* he took to the Mediterranean with Hurrell Froude and his father. They started early in December 1832, and on the 11th he writes to his mother: "I have not been idle in the matter of verse-making. I have written a copy a day since I have been on board, besides others at Falmouth and Whitchurch" (i. 285).

The pieces began to appear in the "British Magazine," then edited by Hugh James Rose, in June 1833, in a separate section from the rest of the poetry in the magazine, under the title "Lyra Apostolica," and with the motto from Homer [*Iliad* xviii. 125] that now stands on the title-page. This, as Newman tells us in the "Apologia," was chosen by Froude to indicate the warlike nature of the enterprise. It is the concluding line of the speech in which Achilles declares his resolve

to give up sitting in his tent and once more to take part in the war. "Let them understand that for too long a time I have not been fighting"; or, as Newman himself paraphrases it, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again."

Of the 179 pieces in the collected volume (and all but two of those published in the "British Magazine" were reprinted), Newman wrote 109, Keble 46, Isaac Williams 9, Hurrell Froude 8, J. W. Bowden 6, and R. I. Wilberforce 1. To speak of the lesser contributors first. Robert Wilberforce's single contribution is not particularly happy. It is a parallel between the sin of the Israelites in asking for a king, and the sin of Englishmen in neglecting the English Church. The retort too obviously remained open that it was the bad government of Samuel's sons, who in the parallel would stand for the clergy, that drove the Israelites to seek a king. Mr Bowden's poems are not so infelicitous in substance, but they leave much to desire in other ways. They are all on the same theme, and the thought is commonplace, while the language is a mixture of everyday talk with odd poetical phrases. Bowden was an intimate friend of Newman's. They had gone up to Trinity together, and as undergraduates had produced a joint poem upon "St Bartholomew's Eve." The contributions of Isaac Williams consist of a few translations and critical sonnets. Altogether of a higher stamp are the poems by Hurrell Froude. No one could accuse that fiery spirit of being commonplace; and perhaps because verse com-

lii A CRITICAL NOTE

position in English was not a constant exercise with him, the few poems he wrote for the "Lyra" have a free grace as well as a lyric intensity that removes them from the rank of the ordinary imitations of Keble. In xxxvi. he strikes a note that recalls Blake :

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
O bind it round thee still:
Fasting, it is Angels' food,
And Jesus loved the night-air chill.

In the Dialogue between the Old and New Self (lxxix.) he is an apt pupil of Andrew Marvell :

New Self.

Why sit'st thou on that sea-girt rock
With downward look and sadly-dreaming eye:
Play'st thou beneath with Proteus' flock,
Or with the far-bound sea-bird would'st thou fly?

Old Self.

I list the plash so clear and chill
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar:
I watch the waves that rippling still
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

He uses his fisher again to fine effect in the poem on Tyre (cxxix) :

Now on that shore a lonely guest,
Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun,
Unconscious of the dooming lay.

Froude's sonnets are some of the best in the book ; the one entitled "Sight against Faith"

(cxxxvi), supposed to be addressed to Lot by his sons-in-law, being an especially vivid piece of imagination.

The bulk of the book fell to the share of the two leaders, Keble and Newman, and the advantage, not only in quantity, but, on the whole, in poetic value, is with Newman ; and for this reason. Being written for a purpose, the poems are, for the greater part, not records of inspired moments but short homilies done into verse. Now Keble was no rhetorician ; he could not by his own skill make words smite and burn ; it was only when his own emotion was kindled to flame that there came into his lines that heat and light which make other men acknowledge them as inspired. Such emotion was most readily aroused in Keble by the discovery of beauty in the world of nature ; and except the Winter Thrush (added in the 3rd edition), there is no poem in the “*Lyra*” dealing with the natural world. Moreover, the movement of Keble’s verse, notwithstanding the admirable success of his well-known morning and evening hymns, usually lacks the directness indispensable for gnomic poetry. Newman, on the contrary, had studied diligently in the Greek tragedians, who are masters in this mode of writing ; and by study added to his natural taste, which was all for simplicity, his verse gained a temper and an edge that, sometimes by virtue of its sincerity alone, pierced a way to the mind and conscience. Keble’s best known poem in this collection is his version of the old Greek hymn sung at the lighting of lamps (lxiii.). On the whole, this would undoubtedly rank as a suc-

cessful translation ; but it misses the directness which is so great a charm of the Greek ; and I am not sure that the cumbersome relative sentence in the second line, and the restless interpolation of “ Holiest of Holies ” in the third, does not obscure to the ordinary reader the fact, which should be absolutely luminous, that the hymn is addressed to Christ. One poem there is, which, perhaps because it is unrhymed, does almost reach Newman’s level of emphatic simplicity, the poem in the metre of Collins’s “ Ode to Evening,” called “ Burial of the Dead ” (l.).¹ It was inspired by the loss of his favourite sister a few months before. The thought is the natural thought, full of faith, hope and love, of the gentle soul who uttered it ; and it is always well for religious poetry when what is natural to a writer, and what is supposed to be spiritual, coincide. The “ Lyra,” however, was in intention a fighting book, and it was not to be expected that it should contain much in this gracious and tender vein. Of Keble’s poems written directly to order, the only great success is the triple sonnet upon Christian Chivalry (xxii.) ; a poem of which it is sufficient praise to say that it breathes the true spirit of Christian warfare. The technical merit of the sonnets is worth attention ; the thought in each occupies its allotted space without undue expansion or

¹ It was written on March 5th 1827 with a view to insertion in the forthcoming *Christian Year*, but was withheld. A few days later Keble wrote another poem in the same metre, the admirable piece assigned to the Tuesday before Easter.

compression, and the writing is at once passionate and dignified. Another sonnet-sequence, entitled “Let us depart hence” attempts to lend poetical interest to a protest against popular religion by putting it into the mouth of the angels; but such a device is apt to be unconvincing. If possible, still less convincing is the advice put into the mouth of the angel in “Spoliation” (cxlviii.). Again, the section entitled “Fire,” with its Boanerges policy of vengeance, and its Tower of Siloam theory of divine chastisements is more in key with the Old Testament than the New. In poems of this sort, and others like “United States” (cli.), and “Sacrilege” (cxxxiv.), despite the beauty of occasional verses, the reader has an uneasy sense that the policy of nations and churches cannot be satisfactorily condensed, either for praise or blame, into a metaphor or remote historical parallel. The best of Keble’s short pieces are “The Watch by Night” (lxxvi.), a beautifully written poem, the meaning of which is somewhat obscured by the irrelevant text before it; “Hooker” (xcviii.) ; and a very successful imitation of George Herbert, called “The One Way” (c.).

The most noticeable of Newman’s poems are those which in form are directly studied from the Greek, being written in choric metres. The “Elements” (lxxi.), is a fine poem, at least in its first two stanzas; in these the rhyme and rhythm are both well-managed, and the expression is noble; the phrases and cadences live in the memory. A reader who came upon the concluding verses of the following strophe, not know-

ing it to be Newman's, would be justified in attributing them to Matthew Arnold :

But o'er the elements
 One Hand alone
 One Hand has sway.
 What influence day by day
 In straiter belt prevents
 The impious Ocean, thrown
 Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?
 Or who has eye to trace
 How the Plague came ?
 Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race ?
 Or the Air's weight and flame
 On a set scale explore ?

*

An equally fine piece of writing is the first strophe of "Judaism" (cvi.). Connected with these choric measures, retaining some of their freedom and yet cast into stanzas, are two poems upon the Blessed Dead called "Rest" (lii.) and "Knowledge" (liii.). Until the appearance of the "Dream of Gerontius" these were the most remarkable examples of Newman's imaginative power ; and I am not sure that they do not remain so still. The picture of the saints in Paradise listening to the sound of the river of Time, is not short of sublime :

They hear it sweep
 In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
 But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
 Shall never more grow pale ;
 They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
 How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

The picture in the companion poem of the saints watching the scenes of earth in the

“sea of glass” is hardly less wonderful and beautiful :

A sea before

The Throne is spread ; the pure, still glass
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
Share in the bosom of our rest
God’s knowledge, and are blest

A third poem upon a kindred subject originally closed with an exquisite stanza, comparing speechless prayer to the invisible vapour rising to heaven from earth :

So day by day for him from earth ascends
As dew in summer-even,
The speechless intercession of his friends
Toward the azure heaven.

To this, after the death of Hurrell Froude, Newman added three additional stanzas which anticipate a good deal of the affectionate reverence which a greater poet was soon to express for *his* departed friend in the “In Memoriam” :

Ah ! dearest, with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.
And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and here,
And deepening every line.
Dearest ! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain ;
It were not good : a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

Written in a similar system of long and short lines, in which Newman hardly ever failed to

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write well, and touched with the same intense note of personal passion, are two poems which perhaps represent Newman's highest achievement in poetry, those entitled "Light in the Darkness" (xxv.) and "The Good Samaritan" (clxxiv.). The former of these is familiar to all Churchmen, and indeed to most Christians of whatever party, from its inclusion in hymn books. Newman has told us in the "Apologia" the circumstances of depression under which it was written ; and because it has expressed, without undue particularity, a mood of depression subdued by passionate faith, it remains one of the most uplifting religious poems in the language. The other poem cannot in the same way be taken to everyone's heart in its entirety ; for it is concerned with Roman churches abroad, and the consolation Newman found in being able to pass into them from the busy streets, where all the passers-by were of alien language :

There, on a foreign shore,
The home-sick solitary finds a friend :
Thoughts, prisoned long for lack of speech, outpour
Their tears, and doubts in resignation end.

But the delight of the weary Christian in being able to turn aside from his business to pray is one we can all appreciate, and one, happily, which in every English city we now can share.

I cannot walk the city's sultry streets
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful
gloom.

Other successful poems in this favourite measure

of Newman's are xxix., "Superstition" (cvii.), "Prospects of the Church" (clxxi.).

A large section of Newman's poetry deals with religious and moral ideas in a way that is directly and intentionally didactic. It is not possible that these should be as captivating as poems which are the expression of personal hopes and fears and joys. Some of them, nevertheless, have taken their place among the religious currency of the nation by virtue of their spiritual insight and splendid sincerity. The oftener quoted is "Deeds not Words" (lxviii.), but "The Discovery" (lviii.), and "The Zeal of Jehu" (lxvi.) are almost as well known. The metre in which most of these short reflective poems are written—what is known to hymn-writers as common metre—is not an especially happy one, though Newman seems to have been fond of it; it easily degenerates into sing-song; moreover the form is narrow, and the sense not seldom suffers violence from being forced into it. Still Newman's practice gave him a mastery over its capabilities, and into such pieces, for example, as "Chastisement" (xxiii.) and "Obscurity" (xix.), he has infused a soul of tenderness, while others, like "Moses" (xx.), "Jonah" (lxxvii.), "The Church in Prayer" (clxix.), make their point with unequalled trenchancy. A much more unsatisfactory metre in which Newman occasionally experimented, is that known to our forefathers as Poulter's measure, from the poultreer's custom of allowing thirteen eggs to the dozen. It was first written by Wyatt, and some of

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Newman's verses might well pass for Wyatt's, e.g. "Foreboding" (clxxv.):

Union would give us strength,
That strength the earth subdue ;
And then comes wealth and pride at length,
And sloth, and prayers untrue.

Shakespeare made fun of the metre once for all in the gravedigger scene of Hamlet, and it should have been left to its natural decay. More happy results are attained in less commonplace stanzas. Whatever be thought of the philosophy of some parts of the poem called "Prosperity" (cxxvii.), there cannot be two opinions as to the merit of the writing :

When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be ;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh :
All growth has bound : when greatest found
It hastens to die.

"The Witness" (cxxii.), again, has a stanza composed of a couplet and a triplet, of which Newman makes a fine use :

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace
The cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
First he will lose his hate of ill ;
Next, *fear* of sinning, after *hate* :
Small sins his heart then desecrate,
And last, despair persuades to great.

Newman's sonnets are not among his more successful performances. They are too much of the substance of pemmican. Moreover,

Newman excelled in forging the single five-foot line, ending with a pause, and stanzas composed of such lines ; he lost some of his force when, as in a sonnet, the lines are dove-tailed together.

Isaac Williams, in his autobiography, makes an interesting statement in regard to Newman's poems which is worth recalling here. "When Newman," he says, "published the 'Lyra Apostolica,' he got Samuel Wilberforce—now the Bishop of Oxford—to review it, as one who would do it in a popular manner. Newman was then much annoyed with the reflections of the review on himself, and this was the cause, I consider, of his never writing a verse afterwards.¹ Indeed I have heard Miss Keble observe that it appeared to have stopped in Newman what Providence seemed to have designed as a natural vent to ardent and strong feelings ; whereas had it not met with that untimely discouragement he would probably have continued to write poetry, as he had then begun, to the profit of himself and us all. For, she said, *her* brother would never have written verses were it not for the encouragement he met with in his own family" (p. 69).

The passage referred to from Wilberforce's review is interesting in itself, and may be quoted :

" The compositions of one of these writers are marked by a peculiar grandeur of thought, high poetic powers, a certain severity of feeling (necessarily perhaps the tone of such a mind, especially if its hidden sympathies have not been awakened by

¹ The autobiography was written in 1851 ; published in 1893 (Longmans).

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domestic life, and called especially forth by the present circumstances of the Church in this country), and remarkable truthfulness of view. Their main defect, we think, is in the mechanical construction of the language. It is very often to our ears constrained and inharmonious. He is a writer of whom it would probably be true as it is of Jeremy Taylor, that his prose writings would be much fuller of poetry than those in which he is fettered, and the true movement, therefore, of his thoughts impeded, by the arbitrary restraints of verse. We should indeed decidedly say at once, that their author, though possessing every other qualification of a poet, was radically wanting in a metrical ear, if it were not that the beautiful flow of some few of his pieces seem rather to mark the harshness of the others to be the effect of haste or carelessness. But whether this ruggedness arises from this or from any other cause, such as the inharmoniousness of the metre (as in lxx.,¹ p. 83), or the multiplications of abbreviations, or the frequent involutions of the construction, or the unmusical sound of certain words troubling the even flow of the lines, in any case it is a thing to be exceedingly regretted. . . . Closely connected with this is another fault we find with these poems, that they are occasionally faultily obscure. . . . The only sort of obscurity which is faulty is obscurity of language, or studied quaintness of conception ; and from the first of these charges these poems cannot always be exempted. There are one or two passages which we confess have puzzled us very considerably, and in which the obscurity is not to be attributed to the grandeur of the conceptions."

Of the quotations which Wilberforce gives from the book he is reviewing the larger part are from Keble and Froude ; but he gives of Newman's "Lead Kindly Light" and "Lord,

¹ In the first edition ; in this lxxi. Two poems (lvii., lxxxix.), were added in the 3rd edition.

in this dust." The passage in the original review has more the appearance of a determined attack than it has in quotation, because it contains two pages, here omitted, on various sorts of obscurity, and Newman is made to understand that his obscurity is not that of a *Salvator Rosa*. So that the review may very naturally have aroused some searching of heart, and deterred Newman for some years from making further experiments in metre. Apart from its unnecessary emphasis, Wilberforce's criticism is in many points not unjust. The qualities he enumerates, severity, occasional grandeur, remarkable truthfulness, are certainly characteristic of Newman's verse, and raise it, at its best, above the level of his coadjutors. It is also true that he is at times obscure (instances being the reference to *Jeroboam* in *clxvi.*, the second stanza of *cvi.*, and the first of *cx.*), and also at times rugged; but it is curious to find Wilberforce quoting for censure under this head the poem upon "The Elements" (*lxxi.*), which most readers would reckon among Newman's successes. Newman has one irritating grammatical peculiarity, which he may have borrowed from Byron, the habit of forming reflexive verbs at his good pleasure.

A word may be added in conclusion about the text. Keble seems to have been able to find at once the satisfactory form into which to cast his meditations.¹ With Newman it was far other-

¹ The only changes in Keble's poems that I have noted are *lxii. 9*, *soldier steals* for *soldiers steal* (12th ed. 1860), and *cxl ix. 1*, *want there seraph warnings* for *wants*.

wise. He was an indefatigable corrector. The shape in which his poems were given to the world in the volume of 1836 was in many cases much altered from that of their first publication in the "British Magazine"; and Newman continued to correct until the end. I have noted two slight changes as late as 1890. At first he altered many of his poems in a Roman sense, but afterwards he repented; and the only alterations eventually adopted were such as commended themselves on poetical considerations alone. The first edition of Newman's own poems by themselves, a small selection printed in Dublin, in 1853, was called "Verses on Religious Subjects"; a larger selection appeared in 1868 under the title, since retained, of "Verses on Various Occasions." Both these volumes had no author's name on the title-page, though they were not in any real sense anonymous. In 1874 the first complete edition appeared, and this bore Newman's name.

It may be interesting to give an example or two of the sort of changes Newman made in his text. The first stanza of the forty-first poem was first printed as follows:

Whene'er goes forth Thy solemn word,
To loose this mortal coil,
Grant I may then be found, O Lord,
Upon a Christian soil.

This was in the "British Magazine" for 1834. In 1836 it ran thus:

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command
And my last hour is nigh,

Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

The improvement is obvious; the debased Shakespearean metaphor is got rid of, and the emphatic word is expressed instead of being only implied, and finds its place in the most emphatic part of the verse. In 1853, when the *bouleversement* of ideas and taste caused by his secession had not yet righted itself, Newman attempted something more striking :

Whene'er goes forth the solemn word
And my last hour is come,
Deal me the gracious stroke, O Lord,
Within a Christian home.

In 1868 he returned to the second form, which has since been retained. A more remarkable instance still is afforded by the beautiful poem called "Rest" (lii.). The first stanzas were printed in the "British Magazine" and in the collected "Lyra Apostolica" volume, as follows :

They are at rest :
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
By rude invoking voice, or prayer address
In waywardness to those,
Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the four-fold river as it murmurs by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
Shall never more grow pale ;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall
flow.

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In 1853 this was transformed into a poem upon Enoch and Elias, probably on the ground that they only could be in “Eden” :

They will appear
When the brief moment of recruited life
Sends them, as heralds of the Avenger near,
 Into this vale of strife :
Meanwhile in Eden’s mountain grots they lie
And hear the four-fold river as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage glen,
Safe from its rocky bed, and current deep,
 And eddying pools till then ;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall
 flow.

Having made this alteration in the interests of scholastic theology, Newman seems to have felt that a very good poem had been sacrificed to somewhat uninteresting heroes. Newman, certainly, would never, any more than his readers, have thought it worth while to speculate upon the present occupations of Enoch and Elijah ; but he and they alike were interested in the blessed dead. So once more in the new version of 1868 the poem is given back to the saints generally, but Roman teaching about Purgatory is introduced to the following amazing effect :

They are at rest :
The fire has eaten out all blot and stain,
And, convalescent, they enjoy a blest
 Refreshment after pain ;
Thus to the End, in Eden’s grots they lie,
And hear the four-fold river as it hurries by

How long the theological mind of Newman bore this outrage upon his poetical soul we do not know, but when a new edition of his book was called for, six years later, the poem itself is happily found to be "convalescent" after its severe trials, and appears in its first beautiful form, the only trace of the suffering it has gone through being the "hurries" of the last line, which however appropriate to the anxious waiting of Enoch and Elijah, in view of their expected mission, breaks in upon the perfect picture of rest which was the dominant idea of the original conception. A note is appended to another poem in that edition laying down the author's final and praiseworthy resolve: "In this and other alterations in these compositions, care has been taken not to introduce ideas foreign to the author's sentiments at the time of writing."

In this edition, a few explanatory notes and references have been added, and a few illustrative passages culled from the memoirs of the time. It has not been thought necessary to supply analyses of the poems, as for the most part even the more difficult of them yield up their secret to a little attention. The numbers which Newman did not reprint when he collected his poetical works have been marked with an obelus (†). Original notes by the authors of the poems are indicated by asterisks, the notes of the editor by numerals.

H. C. B.

HOME

L ✓

FAMILY AFFECTION

“I went down with Rogers [afterwards Lord Blackford] to Blackheath, Nov. 14, for the first time. I dined there and returned to London. It was my first time of seeing his family, father, mother, sisters, and I think some brothers. In consequence I wrote the lines which stand first in the ‘*Lyra Apostolica*.’”
 (“Letters,” i. 279.)

WHERE’ER I roam in this fair English land,
The vision of a temple meets my eyes :
Modest without ; within, all glorious rise
Its love-enclustered columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive plants they stand,
Each answering each in home’s soft sympathies,
Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand
Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers.
The same and not the same, go where I will,
The vision beams ! ten thousand shrines, all
one.
Dear fertile soil ! what foreign culture bears
Such fruit ? And I through distant climes may
run
My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still.

δ.

II.

WANDERINGS

ERE yet I left home's youthful shrine,
 My heart and hope were stored
 Where first I caught the rays divine,
 And drank the Eternal Word.

I went afar ; the world unrolled
 Her many-pictured page :
 I stored the marvels which she told,
 And trusted to her gage.

Her pleasures quaffed, I sought awhile
 The scenes I prized before :
 But parent's praise and sister's smile
 Stirred my cold heart no more.

So ever sear, so ever cloy,
 Earth's favours as they fade,
 Since Adam lost for one fierce joy
 His Eden's sacred shade.

δ.

III.
DISTANCE

MY home is now a thousand mile away ;
 Yet in my thoughts its every image fair
 Rises as keen, as I still lingered there,
 And, turning me, could all I loved survey.
 And so upon Death's unaverted day,
 As I speed upward, I shall on me bear,
 And in no breathless whirl, the things that were,

And duties given, and ends I did obey.
 And, when at length I reach the Throne of
 Power,
 Ah ! still unscared, I shall in fulness see
 The vision of my past innumEROus deeds,
 My deep heart-courses, and their motive-seeds,
 So to gaze on till the red dooming hour.
 Lord ! in that strait, the Judge ! remember me !

d.

IV.

A FOREIGN LAND

HOW can I keep my Christmas feast
 In its due festive show,
 Reft of the sight of the High Priest
 From whom its glories flow ?

I hear the tuneful bells around,
 The blessed towers I see ;
 A stranger on a foreign ground,
 They peal a fast for me.

O Britons ! now so brave and high,
 How will ye weep the day
 When CHRIST in judgment passes by,
 And calls the Bride away !

Your Christmas then will lose its mirth,
 Your Easter lose its bloom :—
 Abroad, a scene of strife and dearth ;
 Within, a cheerless home !

d.

v.

RETURN

BANISHED the House of sacred rest,
Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its creed confessed,
And knelt the saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorned,
Who spoke CHRIST's message there ;
But what at home I might have scorned,
Now charmed my famished ear.

LORD, grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and Sons to know,
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be slow !

δ.

REMORSE

VI.

SHAME

I BEAR upon my brow the sign
 Of sorrow and of pain :
 Alas ! no hopeful cross is mine,
 It is the mark of Cain.

The course of passion, and the fret
 Of godless hope and fear—
 Toil, care, and guilt—their hues have set,
 And fixed that sternness there.

Saviour ! wash out the imprinted shame ;
 That I no more may pine,
 Sin's martyr, though not meet to claim
 Thy cross, a Saint of Thine.

d.

VII.

BONDAGE¹

O H, prophet, tell me not of peace,
 Or Christ's all-loving deeds ;

¹ Not in 1868 edition of "Verses on Various Occasions"; in 1874 the last verse was changed to
 Then plead for one who cannot pray
 Whose faith is but despair,
 Who hates his heart, nor puts away
 The sin that rankles there.

Death only can from sin release,
And death to judgment leads.

Thou from thy birth hast set thy face
Towards thy Redeemer Lord,
To tend and deck His holy place,
And note His secret word.

I ne'er shall reach Heaven's glorious path;
Yet haply tears may stay
The purpose of His instant wrath,
And slake the fiery day.

Then plead for me, thou blessed saint,
While I in haste begin
All man e'er guessed of work or plaint
To wash away my sin.

d.

VIII.

TERROR¹

O FATHER, list a sinner's call!
Fain would I hide from man my fall,
But I must speak, or faint:
I cannot wear guilt's silent thrall—
Cleanse me, kind Saint!

¹ Omitted from "Verses on Various Occasions" 1868; restored in 1874 with the last verse altered as follows:

Look not to me—no grace is mine;
But I can lift the Mercy-sign!
This wouldest thou? Let it be!

“ Sinner ne’er blunted yet sin’s goad ;
 Speed thee, my son, a safer road,
 And sue His pardoning smile
 Who walked woe’s depths, bearing man’s load
 Of guilt the while.”

Yet raise a mitigating hand,
 And minister some potion bland,
 Some present fever-stay !
 Lest one for whom His work was planned
 Die of dismay.

“ Peace cannot be, hope must be thine ;
 I can but lift the Mercy-sign.
 This wouldest thou ? It shall be !
 Kneel down, and take the word divine,
 ABSOLVO TE.”

d.

IX.

RESTLESSNESS

ONCE, as I brooded o’er my guilty state,
 A fever seized me, duties to devise
 To buy me interest in my Saviour’s eyes.
 Not that His love I would extenuate ;—
 But scourge and penance, and perverse self-hate
 Or gift of cost, served by an artifice
 To quell my restless thoughts and envious sighs
 And doubts, which fain heaven’s peace would
 antedate.

Thus, as I tossed, He said :—“ Even holiest deeds
Shroud not the soul from God, nor soothe its
needs ;

Deny thee thine own fears, and wait the end.”
Stern lesson ! Let me con it day by day,
And learn to kneel before the Omniscient Ray,
Nor shrink, while Truth’s avenging shafts descend.

δ.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

x.

THE PAINS OF MEMORY

WHAT time my heart unfolded its fresh leaves
In spring-time gay, and scattered flowers around,
A whisper warned of earth's unhealthy ground,
And all that there faith's¹ light and pureness grieves—
 Sun's ray and canker-worm,
 And sudden-whelming storm :
But, ah ! my self-will smiled, nor recked the gracious sound.

So now defilement dims life's morning springs ;
I cannot hear an early-cherished strain,
 But first a joy, and then it brings a pain—
Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings :
 Tears lull my grief to rest,
 Not without hope this breast
May one day lose its load, and youth yet bloom again.

δ.

¹ 1853, love's.

xi.

DREAMS

O H ! miserable power
 To dreams allowed, to raise the guilty past,
 And back awhile the illumined spirit to cast
 On its youth's twilight hour :—
 In mockery guiling it to act again
 The revel or the scoff in Satan's frantic train !

Nay, hush thee, angry heart !
 An Angel's grief ill fits a penitent ;
 Welcome the thorn—it is divinely sent,
 And with its wholesome smart
 Shall pierce thee in thy virtue's home serene,
 And warn thee what thou art, and whence thy
 wealth has been.

δ.

xii.

CONFESSON

MY smile is bright, my glance is free,
 My voice is calm and clear ;
 Dear friend, I seem a type to thee
 Of holy love and fear.

But I am scanned by eyes unseen,
 And these no saint surround ;
 They mete what is by what has been,
 And joy the lost is found.

Erst my good Angel shrank to see
 My thoughts and ways of ill ;
 And now he scarce dare gaze on me,
 Scar-seamed and crippled still.

Iffley, November 29, 1832.

δ.

XIII.
 AWE¹

I BOW at Jesus' Name, for 'tis the Sign
 Of awful mercy towards a guilty line.—
 Of shameful ancestry, in birth defiled,
 And upwards from a child
 Full of unlovely thoughts and rebel aims,
 As hastening judgment flames,
 How can I lightly view my Means of life ?—
 The Just assailing sin, and death-strained in the
 strife !

And so albeit His woe is our release,
 Thought of that woe aye dims our earthly peace ;
 The Life is hidden in a Fount of Blood !—
 And this is tidings good,
 But in the Angel's reckoning, and to those
 Who Angel-wise have chose
 And kept, like Paul, a virgin course, content
 To go where Jesus went ;
 But for the many laden with the spot
 And earthly taint of sin, 'tis written, "Touch
 Me not."

δ.

¹ Omitted from "Verses on Various Occasions," 1868. Restored in 1874.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Ad omnem progressum atque promotum, ad omnem aditum et exitum, ad vestitum, ad calciatum, ad lavacra, ad mensas, ad lumina, ad cubilia, ad sedilia, quacunque nos conversatio exercet, frontem Crucis signaculo terimus.—TERTULL. de Corona, § 3.

WHENE'ER across this sinful flesh of mine
 I draw the Holy sign,
 All good thoughts stir within me, and collect
 Their slumbering strength divine :
 Till there springs up that hope of God's elect
 My faith shall ne'er be wrecked.

And who shall say, but hateful spirits around,
 For their brief hour abound,
 Shudder to see, and wail their overthrow ?
 While on far heathen ground
 Some lonely Saint hails the fresh odour, though
 Its source he cannot know.

d.

FORGIVENESS

[This section appeared in the "British Magazine" for August 1833.]

xv.

THE THREE ABSOLUTIONS*

And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

EACH morn and eve the Golden Keys
Are lifted in the sacred hand,
To show the sinner on his knees
Where Heaven's bright doors wide open stand.

On the dread Altar duly laid
The Golden Keys their witness bear,
That not in vain the Church hath prayed,
That He, the Life of Souls, is there.

Full of the past, all shuddering thought,
Man waits his hour with upward eye—†
The Golden Keys in love are brought
That he may hold by them and die.

* 1. In the Daily Service. 2. In the Communion.
3. In the Visitation of the Sick.

† *Vid. Death-bed Scenes. "The Barton Family,"*
§ 3. [*i.e.* "Death-bed Scenes and Pastoral Conversations" by John Warton, 3 vols., Murray, 1827. "John Warton" was the pseudonym of Rev. William Wood, vicar of Fulham.

But touch them trembling,—for that gold
 Proves iron in the unworthy hand ;
 To close, not ope, the favoured fold—
 To bind, not loose, the lost soul's band.

γ.

xvi.



TREMBLING HOPE

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

O LORD, I hear, but can it be
 The gracious word was meant for me ?
 O Lord, I thirst, but who shall tell
 The secret of that living well,
 By whose waters I may rest
 And slake this lip unblest ?

O Lord, I will, but cannot do,
 My heart is hard, my faith untrue ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 The eternal ever-blessed Home
 Oped its portals at my birth,
 But I am chained to earth ;

The Golden Keys each eve and morn,
 I see them with a heart forlorn,
 Lest they should Iron prove to me—
 O set my heart at liberty.
 May I seize what Thou dost give,
 Seize tremblingly and live.

β.

XVII.

ENCOURAGEMENT

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.

FEAR NOT: for He hath sworn:
 Faithful and true His Name:
 The glorious hours are onward borne;
 'Tis lit, th' immortal flame;
 It glows *around* thee: kneel, and strive, and win
 Daily one living ray—'twill brighter glow *within*.

YET FEAR: the time is brief;
 The Holy One is near;
 And like a spent and withered leaf,
 In autumn-twilight drear,
 Faster each hour, on Time's unslackening gale
 The dreaming world drives on, to where all
 visions fail.

Surely the time is short:
 Endless the task and art
 To brighten for the ethereal court
 A soiled earth-drudging heart.—
 But He, the dread proclaimer of that hour,
 Is pledged to thee in Love, as to thy foes in
 Power.

His shoulders bear the Key:
 He opens—who can close?
 Closes—and who dare open?—He
 Thy soul's misgiving knows.
 If He come quick, the mightier sure will prove
 His Spirit in each heart that timely strives to love.

Then haste Thee, Lord ! Come down,
 Take Thy great Power and reign !
 But frame Thee first a perfect Crown
 Of spirits freed from stain ;
 Souls mortal once, now matched for evermore
 With the immortal gems that formed Thy
 wreath before.

Who in Thy portal wait,
 Free of that glorious throng,
 Wondering, review their trial-state,
 The life that erst seemed long ;
 Wondering at His deep love, who purged so
 base
 And earthly mould so soon for th' undefiled
 place.

γ.

AMHN, NAI EPXOT, KTPIE IHΣOT.

β.

The collocation of the two poems xvi. and xvii. and the text that follows is explained by the following passage in a letter of Froude's to Keble ("Remains," p. 314). Writing on June 26, '33 he says of his own poem: "I wrote it the night before you went and wanted to show it you, that you might do one on 'He that testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly,' and then after the verse to finish with 'Even so come, Lord Jesus.' I think that so it might make a composition on which some people's thoughts would run."

AFFLICTION

xviii.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.

O HEART of fire ! misjudged by wilful man,
 Thou flower of Jesse's race !
 What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
 Last greeted face to face !
 He doomed to die,—thou on us to impress
 The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well :—for so, 'mid cares of rule
 And crime's encircling tide,
 A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
 Earth-joy and kingly pride ;
 With battle scene and pageant prompt to blend,
 The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah ! had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
 Thy spirit keen and high,
 Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender band,
 So dear in memory ;
 Paul's strife unblest,* its serious lesson gives,
 He bides with us who dies, he is but lost who
 lives.

δ.

In reference to this poem Keble remarks, "are you not a little hard on David ? "

(Newman's "Letters," ii. 85.)

* Acts xv. 39.

xix.
OBSCURITY*Blessed be ye poor.*

I HAVE been honoured and obeyed,
 I have met scorn and slight ;
 And my heart loves earth's sober shade
 More than her laughing light.

For what is rule, but a sad weight
 Of duty and a snare ?

What meanness, but with happier fate
 The Saviour's Cross to share ?

This my hid choice, though not from heaven,
 Moves on the heavenward line ;
 Cleanse it, good Lord, from sinful leaven,
 And make it simply Thine.

d.

xx.
MOSES

MOSES, the patriot fierce, became
 The meekest man on earth,
 To show us how love's quickening flame
 Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
 Lost Canaan by self-will,
 To show, where grace has done its part,
 How sin defiles us still.

Thou who hast taught me in Thy fear,
 Yet seest me frail at best,
 O grant me loss with Moses here,
 To gain his future rest !

8.

XXI.

DESERVINGS

And we indeed justly : for we receive the due reward of our deeds.

MORTAL ! if e'er thy spirits faint,
 By grief or pain opprest,
 Seek not vain hope, or sour complaint,
 To cheer or ease thy breast ;

But view thy bitterest pangs as sent
 A shadow of that doom,
 Which is thy¹ soul's just punishment
 In its own guilt's true home.

Be thine own judge : hate thy proud heart ;
 And while the sad drops flow,
 E'en let thy will attend the smart,
 And sanctify thy woe.

8.

¹ 1853, the.

XXII.

DAVID NUMBERING THE PEOPLE

I am in a great strait—let me fall now into the hand of the Lord.

IF e'er I fall beneath Thy rod,
As through life's snares I go,
Save me from David's lot, O God!
And choose Thyself the woe.

How should I face Thy plagues?—which scare,
And haunt, and stun, until
The heart or sinks in mute despair,
Or names a random ill.

If else . . . then guide in David's path,
Who chose the holier pain;
Satan and man are tools of wrath,
An Angel's scourge is gain.

d.

XXIII.

CHASTISEMENT

Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me

Lord, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice;
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
 Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
 Blessings, when reason's awful power
 Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
 Unasked, unhop'd, have come ;¹
 And, choicer still, a countless store
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When, looking up, I saw Thy face
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
 Love-tokens in Thy stead,
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
 And thorn-encompassed head.

And such Thy loving force be still,
 Mid life's fierce shifting fray ;
 Shaping to Truth self's forward will,
 Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
 The lure of power or name ;
 Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,
 And Faith in this world's shame.

d.

¹ See "Apologia," p. 15.



FAITH

XXIV.

ABRAHAM

THE better portion didst thou choose, Great Heart,
 Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentile-grace !
 Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
 Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves
 depart ;
 Whether, a trader, with no trader's art,
 He buys in Canaan his first resting-place,—
 Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample
 space,—
 Or braves the rescue and the battle's smart,
 Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he
 saved.
 O happy in their souls' high solitude,
 Who commune thus with God and not with
 earth !
 Amid the scoffings of the wealth-enslaved,
 A ready prey, as though in absent mood
 They calmly move, nor hear the unmannered
 mirth.

&

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness.

"I was aching to get home: yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote 'Lead, kindly Light.' We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio."—*Apologia*.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

XXVI.

BE NOT AFRAID

*It is I : be not afraid.**

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
 Hope blighted or delayed,
 Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
 “ ‘Tis I : be not afraid ! ”

Or, startled at some sudden blow,
 If fretful thoughts I feel,
 “ Fear not, it is but I ! ” shall flow,
 As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
 Some onward pass defend ;
 From each rough voice the watchword goes,
 “ Be not afraid ! . . . a friend ! ”

And O ! when judgment’s trumpet clear
 Awakes me from the grave,
 Still in its echo may I hear,
 “ ‘Tis Christ ! He comes to save.”

d.

XXVII.

TOKENS

The Lord stood with me and strengthened me.

O SAY not thou art left of God,
 Because His tokens in the sky

* *Vid.* Bishop Wilson’s *Sacra Privata* for Friday.
 The above lines were written before the appearance
 of Mr Lyte’s elegant Poem on the same text.

Thou canst not read ; this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathanael con His sacred lore ;
Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen
He enters through the unopened door.

And, when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwared in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes ;
Or, shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or, on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free.

¶

XXVIII.

JAMES AND JOHN

TWO brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son ;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

26 LYRA APOSTOLICA

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard; and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's throne:
Thus GOD grants prayer; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

8.

XXIX.

HEAVENLY LEADINGS

Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.

DID we but see,
When life first opened, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day;
Or view ourselves, as we one time shall be
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would
break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

But Thou, dear LORD!
Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were to
come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

δ.

PROVIDENCES

xxx.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

"At Whitchurch, while waiting for the down mail to Falmouth, I wrote the verses about my Guardian Angel which begin with these words, 'Are these the tracks of some unearthly Friend' and which go on to speak of the vision which haunted me;—that vision is more or less brought out in the whole series of these compositions." ("Apologia," p. 32.)

ARE these the tracks of some unearthly Friend,
 His foot-prints, and his vesture-skirts of
 light,
 Who, as I talk with men, conforms aright
 Their sympathetic words, or deeds that blend
 With my hid thought;—or stoops him to attend
 My doubtful-pleading grief;—or blunts the
 might
 Of ill I see not;—or in dreams of night
 Figures the scope in which what is will end?
 Were I Christ's own, then fitly might I call
 That vision real; for to the thoughtful mind
 That walks with Him, He half unveils His
 face:
 But when on common men such shadows fall,
 These dare not make their own the gifts they
 find,
 Yet, not all hopeless, eye His boundless grace.

d.

XXXI.

WARNINGS

(For Music)

WHEN Heaven sends sorrow,
 Warnings go first,
 Lest it should burst
 With stunning might
 On souls too bright
 To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
 To the hid springs
 Of human things?
 Why may not dream,
 Or thought's day gleam,
 Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
 While Faith disowns
 Dread of earth's tones,
 Recks but Heaven's call,
 And on the wall
 Reads but Heaven's letters?¹
 d.

XXXII.

DISCIPLINE

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
 Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
 More brightly burned, or guided some new way;

¹ This verse might be paraphrased: "Is it a clog upon faith, to see and hear in the sights and sounds of earth, messages from Heaven?"

Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.

And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.¹

d.

¹ See "Apologia," p. 119.

LIFE IMMORTAL

† xxxiii.

THE EUCHARIST

WHENE'ER I seek the Holy Altar's rail,
 And kneel to take the grace there offered
 me,
 It is no time to task my reason frail,
 To try Christ's words, and search how they
 may be ;
 Enough, I eat His Flesh and drink His Blood,
 More is not told—to ask it is not good.

I will not say, with these, that bread and wine
 Have vanished at the consecration prayer ;
 Far less, with those, deny that aught divine
 And of immortal seed is hidden there.
 Hence, disputants ! The din, which ye admire,
 Keeps but ill measure with the Church's choir.

d.

xxxiv.

THE RESURRECTION

*He is not the God of the dead, but of the living ; for all live
 unto Him.*

“ THE Fathers are in dust, yet live to God ; ”
 So says the Truth ; as if the motionless
 clay

Still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
Smouldering and struggling till the judgment-
day.

And hence we learn with reverence to esteem
Of these frail houses, though the grave confines;
Sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem
That they are earth;—but they are heavenly
shrines.

A.

HOLINESS

XXXV.

DANIEL

*εἰσιν εὐνοῦχοι, οἱτινες εὐνούχισαν ἑαυτοὺς διὰ τὴν
βασιλελαν τῶν οὐρανῶν* [St Matt. xix. 12.]

SON of sorrow, doomed by fate
 To a lot most desolate,
 To joyless youth and childless age,
 Last of thy father's lineage,—
 Blighted being ! whence hast thou
 That lofty mien and cloudless brow ?

Ask'st thou whence that cloudless brow ?
 Bitter is the cup, I trow ;
 A cup of weary well-spent years,
 A cup of sorrows, fasts, and tears,
 That cup whose virtue can impart
 Such calmness to the troubled heart.

Last of his father's lineage, he,
 Many a night on bended knee,
 In hunger many a livelong day,
 Hath striven to cast his slough away :
 Yea, and that long prayer is granted,
 Yea, his soul is disenchanted.

O blest above the sons of men !
 For thou with more than prophet's ken,
 Deep in the secrets of the tomb,
 Hast read thine own, thine endless doom.

Thou by the hand of the Most High
Art sealed for immortality.

So may I read thy story right,
And in my flesh so tame my spright,
That when the mighty ones go forth,
And from the east and from the north
Unwilling ghosts shall gathered be,—
I in my lot * may stand with thee.

β.

xxxvi.

WEAKNESS OF NATURE

Be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart.

“ **L**ORD, I have fasted, I have prayed,
And sackcloth has my girdle been,
To purge my soul I have essayed
With hunger blank and vigil keen ;
O God of Mercy ! why am I
Still haunted by the self I fly ? ”

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
O bind it round thee still :
Fasting, it is Angel’s food,
And Jesus loved the night-air chill ;
Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step ’twixt earth and Heaven.¹

β.

* Dan. xii. 13.

¹ In Froude’s “Remains” a reference is added here to Ephesians ii. 8.

XXXVII.

STRENGTH OF GRACE

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

THERE is not on the earth a soul so base
 But may obtain a place
 In covenanted grace ;
 So that forthwith his prayer of faith obtains
 Release of his guilt-stains,
 And first-fruits of the second birth, which rise
 From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal
 prize.

All may save self ;—but minds that heavenward
 tower
 Aim at a wider power,
 Gifts on the world to shower.—
 And this is not at once ;—by fastings gained,
 And trials well sustained,
 By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
 Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for God above.
 d.

XXXVIII.

JOSEPH

O PUREST semblance of the Eternal Son !
 Who dwelt in thee as in some blessed
 shrine,
 To draw hearts after thee and make them thine ;

Not parent only by that light was won,
 And brethren crouched who had in wrath
 begun,—

E'en heathen pomp abased her at the sign
 Of a hid God, and drank the sound divine,
 Till a king heard, and all thou bad'st was done.
 Then was fulfilled Nature's dim augury,
 That " Wisdom, clad in visible form, would be
 So fair, that all must love and bow the knee ; " *
 Lest it might seem, what time the Substance came,
 Truth lacked a sceptre, when It but laid by
 Its beaming front, and bore a willing shame.

δ.

* Η φρένησις οὐχ δρᾶται ἀνεινός γάρ ἀν παρεῖχεν
 ἔρωτας, εἰ τοιούτον ἔαυτῆς ἐναργὲς εἰδώλον παρείχετο
 εἰς θύμιν ἀν. PLAT. *Phed.* [250]

SOLITUDE

XXXIX.

THE HAVEN¹

WHENCE is this awe, by stillness spread
 O'er the world-fretted soul?
 Wave reared on wave its boastful head,
 While my keen bark, by breezes sped,
 Dashed fiercely through the ocean bed,
 And chafed towards its goal.

But now there reigns so deep a rest,
 That I could almost weep.
 Sinner! thou hast, in this rare guest,
 Of Adam's peace a figure blest;
 'Tis Eden seen, but not possessed,
 Which cherub-flames still keep.

δ.

† XL.

THE DESERT

TWO sinners² have been grace-endued,
 Unwearied to sustain
 For forty days a solitude
 On mount and desert plain.

¹ This poem was written off Gibraltar, where Newman and his companions were kept in quarantine. Of the effect of the stillness "after a week's rattling and roaring" he writes, "I never felt anything like it, and cannot describe it." ("Letters," i. 295.)

² Moses and Elijah.

But feverish thoughts the breast have swayed
 And gloom or pride is shown,
 If e'er we seek the garden's shade,
 Or walk the world, alone.

For Adam e'en, before his sin,
 His God a help-meet found ;
 Blest with an Angel's heart within,
 Paul wrought with friends around.

Lone saints of old, of purpose high !
 On Syria's sands ye claim,
 'Mid heathen rage, our sympathy,
 In peace ye force our blame.

d.

XLI.

DEATH

WHENE'ER goes forth Thy dread command,
 And my last hour is nigh,
 Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
 As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,
 Or kindred, standing by ;
 Choice blessing ! which I leave to Thee,
 To give ¹ me, or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
 My Mother's smile recline ;

¹ 1853, grant.



My name in sickness and in death
Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed
In its meet emblems rest ;
And may the absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord ! where'er we lie, canst aid ;
But He, who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.

d.

VANITY OF VANITIES

XLII.

SOVEREIGNTY OF SPIRIT



Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round,
 Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
 An idol substance, bidding us bow low
 Before those shades of being which are found
 Stirring or still on man's brief trial ground ;
 As if such shapes and moods, which come
 and go,
 Had ought of Truth or Life in their poor show,
 To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.
 Son of immortal seed, high destined Man !
 Know thy dread gift,—a creature, yet a cause ;
 Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
 Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span
 All outward things, the vassals of its will,
 Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

d.

XLIII.

NOTHINGNESS OF MATTER

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
 Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
 Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari !*
 [Virgil, Geor. II. 490.]

IN childhood, when with eager eyes
 The season-measured year I viewed,

All, garbed in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of heaven ; the summer-flowers
Let me gaze on, and did not fade ;
Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
Heard my strong wish, and stayed.

They came and went—the short-lived four,
Yet as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now ; the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue ;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.

Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring ?
Long days are fire-side nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.

Then what this world to thee, my heart ?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless ;
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness. ✓

The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine :
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.

O princely lot ! O blissful art !
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Thus to forecast in heart
Heaven's Age of fearless rest.

XLIV.

MELCHIZEDEK

Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life.

THRICE blest are they who feel their loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friend nor pleasant scene
Brings that on which the saddened heart can lean;
Yea, the rich earth, garbed in its daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high:
Till sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His presence, Who alone can bless.
Such, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's grace;
When passing o'er the high-born Hebrew line,
He forms the vessel of His vast design;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,
Severed from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long woe His rare Melchizedek.

δ.

ANCIENT SCENES

XLV.

SIREN ISLES

CEASE, Stranger, cease those piercing notes,
 The craft of Siren choirs ;
 Hush the seductive voice, that floats
 Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given,
 Not to dissolve our clay,
 But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
 And purge the dross away.

Weak self ! with thee the mischief lies,
 Those throbs a tale disclose ;
 Nor age nor trial have made wise
 The Man of many woes.

δ.

XLVI.

MESSENA¹

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my
 heart
 Upon these scenes of ancient heathen fame ?
 Yet legend hoar, and voice of bard that came

¹ " It was the theme of almost every poet and every historian, and the remains in it of the past are of an earlier antiquity, and more perfect than those of other

Fixing my restless youth with its sweet art,
And shades of power, and those who bore their
part

In the mad deeds that set the world in flame,
So fret my memory here ;—ah ! is it blame ?—
That from my eyes the tear is fain to start.
Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise ;
'Tis but the sympathy with Adam's race,
Which in each brother's history reads its own.
So let the cliffs and seas of this fair place
Be named man's tomb and splendid record stone,
High hope pride-stained, the course without the
prize.

d.

XLVII.

TAUROMINIUM¹

And Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him.

SAY, hast thou tracked a traveller's round
Nor visions met thee there,
Thou couldst but marvel to have found
This blighted world so fair ?

countries. And now it lies in desolation under a bad government. Not tricked out in the vanities of modern times, but as if in mourning, yet beautiful as ever." ("Letters," i. 348.)

¹ "I never saw anything more enchanting than this spot. It realised all one had read of in books about scenery. I never knew that Nature could be so beautiful ; and to see that view was the nearest approach to seeing Eden. I felt for the first time in my life that I should be a better and more religious man if I lived there." ("Letters," i. 397.)

And feel an awe within thee -rise,
 That sinful man should see
 Glories far worthier Seraph's eyes
 Than to be shared by thee?

Store them in heart! thou shalt not faint
 'Mid coming pains and fears,
 As the third heaven once nerved a Saint¹
 For fourteen trial years.

d

XLVIII.

CORCYRA

[The poet vivifies past history by thinking of its actors, not as a nation, but as single individuals.]

I SAT beneath an olive's branches grey,
 And gazed upon the site of a lost town,
 By sage and poet² chosen for renown;
 Where dwelt a Race that on the sea held
 sway,
 And, restless as its waters, forced a way
 For civil strife a thousand states to drown.
 That multitudinous stream we now note down,
 As though one life, in birth and in decay.
 Yet, is their being's history spent and run,
 Whose spirits live in awful singleness,

¹ 2 Cor. xii. 2.

² Thucydides and Homer, Corcyra being identified with Phœacia (Thuc. i. 25).

46 LYRA APOSTOLICA

Each in his self-formed sphere of light or gloom
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds they
done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress,
As though I corpses saw, and walked the tomb.

8

BEREAVEMENT

XLIX.

RESIGNATION

[The two following poems were written upon the occasion of the death of the author's sister, Mary Ann Keble.]

Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.

—JOB xlvi. 6.

AND dare I say, “Welcome to me
 The pang that proves thee near ?”
 O words, too oft on bended knee
 Breathed to th’ Unerring Ear,
 While the cold spirit silently
 Pines at the scourge severe.

Nay, try once more—thine eyelids close
 For prayer intense and meek :
 When the warm light gleams through and shows
 Him near Who helps the weak.
 Unmurmuring then thy heart’s repose
 In dust and ashes seek.

But when the self-abhorring thrill
 Is past, as pass it must,
 When tasks of life thy spirit fill,
 Risen from thy tears and dust,
 Then be the self-renouncing will
 The seal of thy calm trust.

L.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary
 seemed

Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
 Thy place in Paradise
 Beyond where I could soar;

Friend of this worthless heart! but happier
 thoughts

Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
 Where patiently thou tak'st
 Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing; the soft air
 Is full of cheering whispers like thine own;
 While Memory, by thy grave,
 Lives o'er thy funeral day:

The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
 Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
 Sure with the words of Heaven
 Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustomed way
 The hallowed porch, and entering in beheld
 The pageant of sad joy,
 So dear to Faith and Hope.

O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
 To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched
 The sacred springs of grief
 More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
 Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
 Guiding through light and gloom
 Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
 Around the western twilight, all subside
 Into a placid Faith,
 That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall,
 So many relics of a frail love lost,
 So many tokens dear
 Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream : th' Apostles' trump
 Gives earnest of th' Archangel's ; calmly now,
 Our hearts yet beating high
 To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
 Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
 Our treasure for a while :
 And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
 Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
 Touches the coffin lid ;
 If at our brother's name

Once and again the thought, " for ever gone,"
 Come o'er us like a cloud ; yet, gentle spright,
 Thou turnest not away,
 Thou knowest us calm at heart.

50 LYRA APOSTOLICA

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er :
 O cleanse us, ere we view
 That countenance pure again,

Thou, Who canst change the heart, and raise
 the dead !
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
 Be ready when we meet,
 With Thy dear pardoning words.

γ.

SAINTS DEPARTED

[This section first appeared in the "British Magazine," for October 1835, together with xxxiv.]

† LI.

REMOVAL

DEAR sainted Friends, I call not you
 To share the joy serene,
 Which flows upon me from the view
 Of crag and steep ravine.

Ye, on that loftier mountain old,
 Safe lodged in Eden's cell,¹
 Whence run the rivers four, behold
 This earth, as ere it fell.

Or, when ye think of those who stay,
 Still tried by the world's fight,
 'Tis but in looking for the day
 Which shall the lost unite.

Ye rather, elder Spirits strong !
 Who from the first have trod
 This nether scene, man's race among,
 The while ye live to God.

¹ Newman in this and other poems makes use of the belief held by some Rabbis and early Fathers that the Paradise of the N.T. (St Luke xxiii. 43; Rev. ii. 7) was the garden of Eden. See Smith's "Dict. of the Bible," art. Paradise.

Ye hear, and ye can sympathize—
 Vain thought ! those eyes of fire
 Pierce through God's works, and duly prize :
 Ye smile when we admire.

Ah, Saviour Lord ! with Thee my heart
 Angel nor Saint shall share :
 To Thee 'tis known, for man Thou art,
 To soothe each tumult there.

d.

LII.

REST

THEY are at rest :
 We may not stir the heaven of their repose
 By rude invoking voice, or prayer addrest
 In waywardness to those,
 Who in the mountain grots of Eden¹ lie,
 And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs² by.

They hear it sweep
 In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
 But they at rocky bed, or current deep,
 Shall never more grow pale ;
 They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
 How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
 shall flow.

And soothing sounds
 Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide ,
 Posted along the haunted garden's bounds,
 Angelic forms abide,—

¹ See note to li.² 1853, hurries

Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and
grove
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant
above.

δ.

LIII.

KNOWLEDGE

WEEP not for me ;—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with
gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends :
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now too I hear
Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We on its shore
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest !

δ.

PRAYER

WHILE Moses on the Mountain lay,
 Night after night, and day by day,
 Till forty suns were gone,
 Unconscious, in the Presence bright,
 Of lustrous day and starry night,
 As though his soul had flitted quite
 From earth, and Eden¹ won;

The pageant of a kingdom vast,
 And things unutterable, past
 Before the Prophet's eye :
 Dread shadows of the Eternal Throne,
 The fount of Life, and Altar-stone,
 Pavement, and them that tread thereon,
 And those who worship nigh.

But lest he should his own forget,
 Who in the vale were struggling yet,
 A sadder vision came,
 Announcing all that guilty deed
 Of idol rite, that in her need
 He for the Church might intercede,
 And stay Heaven's rising flame.

d.

¹ See note to li.

HIDDEN SAINTS

L.V.

THE TRUE ELECT

HID are the Saints of God ;—
 Uncertified by high angelic sign ;
 Nor raiment soft, nor empire's golden rod
 Marks them divine.

Theirs but the unbought air, earth's parent sod,
 And the sun's smile benign ;—
 Christ rears His throne within the secret heart,
 From the haughty world apart.

They gleam amid the night,
 Chill sluggish mists stifling the heavenly ray ;
 Fame chants the while,—old history trims his
 light,
 Aping the day ;
 In vain ! staid look, loud voice, and reason's
 might
 Forcing its learned way,
 Blind characters ! these aid us not to trace
 Christ and His princely race.

Yet not all-hid from those
 Who watch to see ;—'neath their dull guise of
 earth,
 Bright bursting gleams unwittingly disclose
 Their heaven-wrought birth.
 Meekness, love, patience, faith's serene repose ;
 And the soul's tutored mirth,

56 LYRA APOSTOLICA

Bidding the slow heart dance, to prove her power
O'er self in its proud hour.

These are the chosen few,
The remnant fruit of largely-scattered grace.
God sows in waste, to reap whom He foreknew
 Of man's cold race,
Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view
 Of boundless time and space,
He waits, by scant return for treasures given,
 To fill the thrones of heaven.

Lord ! who can trace but Thou
The strife obscure, 'twixt sin's soul-thralling spell,
And Thy sharp Spirit, now quenched, reviving
 now ?

Or who can tell,
Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's brow, .
 Why Saul and Demas fell ?
Oh ! lest our frail hearts in the annealing break,
 Help, for Thy mercy's sake !

8.

LVI.

ISAAC

MANY the guileless years the Patriarch spent,
 Blessed in the wife a father's foresight chose ;
Many the prayers and gracious deeds, which
 rose
Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.
Yet these, though written in the heavens, are rent

From out truth's lower roll, which sternly
shows

But one sad trespass at his history's close,
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment.
Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains,
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace ;

So we move heavenward with averted face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains ;
And Saints are lowered, that the world may
rise.

d.

LVII.

THE CALL OF DAVID¹

And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he.

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go ! and 'mid thy flocks awhile,
At thy doom of greatness smile ;

¹ This poem, though printed among the "Lyra Apostolica" poems in the "British Magazine," was omitted from the first two editions of the collected "Lyra."

Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended ;
Double praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle-plain ;

Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness ;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm !
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harass thee in kindness ;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

LVIII.
THE DISCOVERY*They glorified God in me.*

I SAW thee once, and nought discerned
 For stranger to admire ;
 A serious aspect, but it burned
 With no unearthly fire.

Again I saw, and I confessed
 Thy speech was rare and high ;
 And yet it vexed my burdened breast,
 And scared, I knew not why.

I saw once more, and awe-struck gazed
 On face, and form, and air ;
 God's living glory round thee blazed—
 A Saint—a Saint was there !

δ.

LIX. ✓
ST PAUL*I fear, lest when I come, I shall not find you such as I would,
 and that I shall be found unto you such as ye would not.*

I DREAMED that, with a passionate complaint,
 I wished me born amid God's deeds of
 might ;
 And envied those who saw the presence
 bright
 Of gifted Prophet and strong-hearted Saint,
 Whom my heart loves, and fancy strives to paint.

60 LYRA APOSTOLICA

I turned, when straight a stranger met my sight,
Came as my guest, and did awhile unite
His lot with mine, and lived without restraint.
Courteous he was, and grave,—so meek in mien,
It seemed untrue, or told a purpose weak ;
Yet in the mood, he could with aptness speak,
Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden pride :
Then came a voice—“ St Paul is at thy side ! ”

d.

LIGHTING OF LAMPS

[This section appeared in the "British Magazine," for March 1834.]

LX.

LIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE

And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning: when he dresseth the lamps he shall burn incense upon it. And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it; a perpetual incense before the Lord, throughout your generations.

NOW the stars are lit in heaven,
We must light our lamps on earth:
Every star a signal given
From the God of our new birth.
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal Saint.

Mark the hour and turn this way,
Sons of Israel, far and near!
Wearied with the World's dim day,
Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproached light!

With sweet oil-drops in His hour
Feed the branch of many lights,
Token of protecting power,
Pledged to faithful Israelites;
Emblem of the anointed Home,
When the glory deigns to come.

Watchers of the sacred flame,
 Sons of Aaron : serve in fear,—
 Deadly is th' Avenger's aim,
 Should the unhallowed enter here ;
 Keen His fires, should recreants dare
 Breathe the pure and fragrant air.

There is One will bless your toil—
 He who comes in Heaven's attire,
 Morn by morn, with holy oil ;
 Eve by eve, with holy fire !
 Pray !—your prayer will be allowed,
 Mingling with His incense cloud !

γ.

LXI.

LIGHTS AT VESPERS

Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world ; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

FULL many an eve, and many a morn,
 The holy Lamps have blazed and died ;
 The floor by knees of sinners worn,
 The mystic Altar's golden horn,
 Age after age have witness borne
 To Faith that on a lingering Saviour cried.

“ At evening time there shall be light ! ”—
 'Twas said of old—'tis wrought to-day :
 Now, with the stolèd Priest in sight,
 The perfumed embers quivering bright,
 Ere yet the ceiling's spangled height
 The glory catch of the new-kindled ray,

A voice not loud, but thrilling clear,
 On hearts prepared falls benign :
 "I am the world's true Light: who hear
 And follow Me, no darkness fear,
 Nor waning eve, nor changing year ;
 The Light of Life is theirs : pure Light of Life
 divine ! " γ.

LXII.

LIGHTS IN THE UPPER CHAMBER

*And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they
 were gathered together.*

HE spake : He died and rose again—
 And now His Spirit lights
 The hallowed fires o'er land and main,
 And every heart invites.

They glow : but not in gems and gold
 With cedar arched o'er ;
 But in far nooks obscure and cold,
 On many a cabin floor :

When the true soldier steals an hour
 To break the Bread of Life,
 And drink the draught of love and power,
 And plan the holy strife.

Ye humble Tapers, fearless burn ;—
 Ere in the morn ye fade,
 Ye shall behold a soul return,
 Even from the last dim shade.

That all may know what love untold
 Attends the chosen race,
 Whom Apostolic arms enfold,
 Who cling to that embrace :

And wheresoe'er a cottage light
 Is trimmed for evening prayer,
 Faith may recall that wondrous night ;—
 Who raised the dead is there.

γ.

LXIII.

LIGHTS IN THE CHURCH

HAIL ! gladdening LIGHT, of His pure glory
 poured,
 Who is th' immortal FATHER, heavenly, blest,
 Holiest of Holies—JESUS CHRIST our LORD !
 Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
 The lights of evening round us shine,
 We hymn the FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT
 divine !
 Worthiest art Thou at all times to be
 sung
 With undefiled tongue,
 SON of our GOD, GIVER of Life, alone !
 Therefore in all the world, Thy glories, LORD,
 they own.*

γ.

* *Hymn of the 1st or 2nd century: preserved by St Basil.—
 Vid. Routh. Reliqu. Sacr. iii. p. 299.*

“ φῶς Ἰλαρὸν ἀγλας δόξης ἀθανάτου Πατρὸς,
 Οὐρανίου, ἀγλοῦ, μάκαρος,
 Ἰησοῦν Χριστὲ
 ἐλθόντες ἐπὶ τοῦ ἡλίου δύσιν,
 ἀδόντες φῶς ἐσπερνόν,
 ὑμνοῦμεν Πατέρα, καὶ Τίτον, καὶ Ἀγιον Πνεῦμα Θεοῦ,
 δόξιος εἰ ἐν πᾶσι καιροῖς ὑμνεῖσθαι φωναῖς δοσταῖς
 “Τιὲ Θεοῦ, ζωὴν δὲ διδούς .
 διὸ δὲ κοσμός σε δοξάζει.”

LXIV.

LIGHT IN THE CLOSET—THE CHURCHMAN
TO HIS LAMP

COME, twinkle in my lonely room,
Companion true in hours of gloom ;
Come, light me on a little space,
The heavenly vision to retrace,
By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
My Mother's glories ere she fell.

There was a time, my friendly Lamp,
When, far and wide, in Jesus' camp,
Oft as the foe dark inroads made,
They watched and fasted, wept and prayed ;
But now, they feast and slumber on,
And say, “ Why pine o'er evil done ? ”

Then hours of Prayer, in welcome round,
Far-severed hearts together bound :
Seven times a day, *on bended knee*,
They to their Saviour cried ; and we—
One hour we find in seven long days,
Before our God to *sit and gaze* !

Then, lowly Lamp, a ray like thine
Waked half the world to hymns divine ;
Now it is much if here and there
One dreamer, by the genial glare,
Trace the dim Past, and slowly climb
The steep of Faith's triumphant prime.

Yet by His grace, whose breathing gives
Life to the faintest spark that lives,

66 LYRA APOSTOLICA

I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our fathers' armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bathed on high.

And may thy guidance ever tend
Where gentle thoughts with courage blend ;
Thy pure and steady gleaming rest
On pages with the Cross imprest ;
Till, touched with lightning of calm zeal,
Our fathers' very heart we feel.

7.

SOBRIETY

LXV.

THE GOSPEL SWORD

Him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu, shall Elisha slay.

CHRIST bade His followers take the sword,
 And yet He chid the deed,
 When Peter seized upon His word,
 And made a foe to bleed.

The Gospel Creed, a sword of strife,
 Meek hands alone may rear ;
 And ever zeal begin its life
 In silent thought and fear.

Ye, who would weed the Vineyard's soil,
 Treasure the lesson given ;
 Lest in the judgment-books ye toil
 For Satan, not for heaven.

d.

LXVI.

THE ZEAL OF JEHU

Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord.

THOU to wax fierce
 In the cause of the LORD,
 To threat and to pierce
 With the heavenly sword ;

Anger and Zeal,
 And the Joy of the brave,
 Who bade *thee* to feel,
 Sin's slave.

The Altar's pure flame
 Consumes as it soars ;
 Faith meetly may blame,
 For it serves and adores.
 Thou warnest and smitest !
 Yet CHRIST must atone
 For a soul that thou slightest—
 Thine own.

8.

LXVII.

THE DOUBLE-MINDED

THY words are good and freely given,
 As though thou felt them true ;
 Friend, think thee well,—to hell or heaven
 A serious heart is due.

It pains thee sore man's will should swerve
 In his true path divine ;
 And yet thou ventur'est not¹ to serve
 Thy neighbour's weal nor thine.

¹ A printer's error, which runs through all the editions after the first. In the "British Magazine," and in all editions of Newman's collected poems, the reading is "nought."

Beware! such words may once be said,
 Where shame and fear unite ;
 But, spoken twice, they mark instead
 A sin against the light.

d.

LXVIII.

DEEDS NOT WORDS
 [Flowers without Fruit]

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng ;
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

d.

LXIX.

THE BAPTIST

I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me
 HOW didst thou start, thou Holy Baptist, bid
 To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow !
 Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid
 Beneath the Ascetic's port and Preacher's fire,

70 LYRA APOSTOLICA

Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be chief, not thou.

And so on us, at whiles, it falls to claim
Powers that we fear, or dare some forward
part ;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep ;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart.

8.

AMBITION



LXX.

SLEEP

UNWEARIED God ! before whose face
 The night is clear as day,
 Whilst we, poor worms, in life's brief race
 Now creep, and now delay ;
 We with death's foretaste alternate
 Our labour's dint and sorrow's weight,
 Save in that fever-troubled state
 When pain and care hold sway.

Dread Lord ! Thy glory, watchfulness,
 Is but disease in man ;
 O peace upon our hearts impress
 Our place in the world's plan :
 Pride grasps the powers by Heaven displayed ;
 But ne'er the rebel effort made
 But fell beneath the sudden shade
 Of nature's withering ban.

d.

LXXI.

THE ELEMENTS

(A Tragic Chorus)

πολλὰ τὰ δεῖνα, κοῦδεν
ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.

[Soph. *Antigone*, 332.]

MAN is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame ;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
Thus as a God below,
He can control
And harmonise what seems amiss to flow,
As severed from the whole
And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
One Hand alone,
One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore ?
Or who has eye to trace
How the Plague came ?
Forerun the doublings of the Tempest's race ?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore ?

Thus God has willed
That man, when fully skilled,
 Still gropes in twilight dim ;
Encompassed all his hours
 By fearfullest powers
 Inflexible to him ;
That so he may discern
 His feebleness,
• And e'en for earth's success
 To HIM in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the Keys of either home,
 Earth and the world to come.

d.

ACTIVITY

LXXII.

LOVE OF QUIET

Freely ye have received: freely give.

“ **G**IVE any boon for peace !
 Why should our fair-eyed Mother e'er
 engage
 In the world's course and on a troubled stage,
 From which her very call is a release ?
 No ! in thy garden stand,
 And tend with pious hand
 The flowers thou findest there,
 Which are thy proper care,
 O man of God ! in meekness and in love,
 And waiting for the blissful realms above.”

Alas ! for thou must learn,
 Thou guileless one ! rough is the holy hand !
 Runs not the Word of Truth through every land,
 A sword to sever, and a fire to burn ?
 If blessed Paul had stayed
 In cot or learned shade,
 With the priest's white attire,
 And the saints' tuneful choir,
 Men had not gnashed their teeth, nor risen to slay,
 But thou hadst been a heathen in ~~the~~ day.

δ.

LXXIII.

FASTIDIOUSNESS

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
 From fear of what was wrong ;
 I would not brave the sacred fight,
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
 And sorer shame aside ;
 Such dread of sin was indolence,
 Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
 And calmly do my best ;
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;
 Men count my haltings o'er :—
 I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
 I love His precept more.

d.

LXXIV.

OPPORTUNITIES

ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΜΙΜΗΤΗΣ¹

O LORD ! when sin's close marshalled line
 Urges Thy witness on his way,

¹ An imitator of Paul (see 1 Cor. iv. 16).

How should he raise Thy glorious Sign,
And how Thy will display?

Thy holy Paul, with soul of flame,
Rose on Mars-hill a soldier lone ;
Shall I thus speak the Atoning Name
Though with a heart of stone ?

“ Not so,” He said :—“ hush thee, and seek,
With thoughts in prayer and watchful eyes,
My seasons sent for thee to speak,
And use them as they rise.”

d.

LXXXV.

THE SAINT AND THE HERO

O AGED Saint! far off I heard
The praises of thy name ;
Thy deed of power, thy skilful word,
Thy zeal’s triumphant flame.

I came and saw ; and, having seen,
Weak heart, I drew offence
From thy prompt smile, thy simple mien,
Thy lowly diligence.

The Saint’s is not the Hero’s praise ;—
This have I found, and learn
Nor to profane Heaven’s humblest ways,
Nor its least boon to spurn.

d.

EASE

LXXVI.

THE WATCH BY NIGHT

And Uriah said unto David, The ark, and Israel, and Judah, abide in tents; and my Lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields; shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink? . . . As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.

THE Ark of God is in the field,
 Like clouds around the alien armies sweep;
 Each by his spear, beneath his shield,
 In cold and dew the anointed warriors sleep.

And can it be thou liest awake,
 Sworn watchman, tossing on thy couch of down?
 And doth thy recreant heart not ache
 To hear the sentries round the leaguered town?

Oh dream no more of quiet life;
 Care finds the careless out; more wise to vow
 Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
 So peace will come thou knowest not when or how.

7.

LXXVII.

JONAH

But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord.

DEEP in his meditative bower,
 The tranquil seer reclined;
 Numbering the creepers of an hour,
 The gourds which o'er him twined.

To note each plant, to rear each fruit¹
 Which soothes the languid sense,
 He deemed a safe refined pursuit,—
 His Lord, an indolence.

The sudden voice was heard at length,
 “Lift thou the prophet’s rod!”
 But sloth had sapped the prophet’s strength,
 He feared, and fled from God.

Next, by a fearful judgment tamed,
 He threatens the offending race;
 God spares;—he murmurs, pride inflamed,
 His threat made void by grace.

What?—pride and sloth! man’s worst of foes!
 And can such guests invade
 Our choicest bliss, the green repose
 Of the sweet garden shade?

8.

LXXVIII.

JEREMIAH

Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them.

“WOE’S me!” the peaceful prophet cried,
 “Spare me this troubled life—
 To stem man’s wrath, to school his pride,
 To head the sacred strife!

¹ There is no authority for this in Scripture.

“ O place me in some silent vale,
 Where groves and flowers abound ;
 Nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues that rail,
 Vex the truth-haunted ground ! ”

If his meek spirit erred, opprest
 That God denied repose,
 What sin is ours, to whom Heaven’s rest
 Is pledged to heal earth’s woes ?

d.

LXXXIX.

OLD SELF AND NEW SELF

New Self.

WHY sitt’st thou on that sea-girt rock
 With downward look and sadly dream-
 ing eye :
 Play’st thou beneath with Proteus’ flock,
 Or with the far-bound sea-bird wouldest thou fly ?

Old Self.

I sit upon this sea-girt rock
 With downward look and dreaming eye ;
 But neither do I sport with Proteus’ flock,
 Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.
 I list the splash so clear and chill
 Of yon old fisher’s solitary oar :
 I watch the waves that rippling still
 Chase one another o’er the marble shore.

New Self.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
 No dreamy sound of sadness comes to me :
 And yon fresh waves that beat the shore,
 How merrily they splash, how merrily !

Old Self.

I mourn for the delicious days,
 When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
 A stranger yet to the wild ways
 Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

New Self.

Mourn'st thou, poor soul ! and wouldest thou yet
 Call back the things which shall not, cannot be ?
 Heaven must be won, not dreamed ; thy task
 is set,
 Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.*

β.

LXXX.

ST PAUL AT MELITA

And when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat.

SECURE in his prophetic strength,
 The water peril o'er,
 The many-gifted man at length
 Stept on the promised shore.

* *Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin,*
Ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis.

[Virgil, *Eclogue*, vii. 69. The general sense of the quotation is that Thyrsis, *i.e.* the Old Self, is vanquished, and Corydon, the New Self, victor.]

He trod the shore ; but not to rest,
Nor wait till Angels came ;
Lo ! humblest pains the Saint attest,
The firebrands and the flame.

But when he felt the viper's smart,
Then instant aid was given :
Christian ! hence learn to do thy part,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

Δ



SEVERITY

LXXXI.

INDULGENCE

Am I my brother's keeper?

THE time has been, it seemed a precept
 plain
 Of the true faith, Christ's tokens to dis-
 play ;
 And in life's commerce still the thought
 retain,
 That men have souls, and wait a judgment
 day ;
 Kings used their gifts as ministers of Heaven,
 Nor stripped their zeal for God of means which
 God had given.

'Tis altered now ;—for Adam's eldest born
 Has trained our practice in a selfish rule ;
 Each stands alone, Christ's bonds asunder torn,
 Each has his private thought, selects his
 school,
 Conceals his creed, and lives in closest tie
 Of fellowship with those who count it blasphemy.

Brothers ! spare reasoning ;—men have settled
 long
 That ye are out of date, and they are
 wise ;

Use their own weapons ; let your words be strong.

Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies ;

Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast,
They argued not, but preached ; and conscience did the rest.

δ.

LXXXII.

ZEAL BEFORE LOVE

AND wouldst thou reach, rash scholar mine,
Love's high unruffled state ?
Awake ! thy easy dreams resign :
First learn thee how to hate.¹

Hatred of sin, and Zeal, and Fear,
Lead up the Holy Hill ;
Track them, till Charity appear
A self-denial still.

Feeble and false the brightest flame
By thoughts severe unfed ;
Book-lore ne'er served, when trial came,
Nor gifts, where Faith was dead.

δ.

¹ See "Apologia," p. 46.

THE WRATH TO COME

WHEN first God stirred me, and the
Church's word
Came as a theme of reverent search and fear,
It little cost to own the lustre clear
O'er rule she taught, and rite, and doctrine
poured;

For conscience craved, and reason did accord.
Yet one there was that wore a mien austere,
And I did doubt, and, troubled, asked to hear
Whose mouth had force to edge so sharp a
sword.

My Mother oped her trust, the Holy Book,
And healed my pang. She pointed, and I found
Christ on Himself, considerate Master, took
The utterance of that doctrine's fearful sound.
The Fount of Love His servants sends to tell
Love's deeds ; Himself reveals the sinner's hell.

d.

CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY

[This section appeared in the "British Magazine" for October 1834.]

LXXXIV.

THE VIGIL

I

"*SILENCE, unworthy! how should tones like thine Blend with the warnings of the good and true? God hath no need of waverers round His shrine: What hath th' unclean with Heaven's high cause to do?"*

Thus in the deep of many a shrinking heart
The murmurings swell and heave of sad remorse,
And dull the soul, that else would keenly dart
Fearless along her heaven-illumined course.
But, wayward doubter, lift one glance on high:
What banner streams along thy destined way?
The pardoning Cross,—His Cross who deigned
to die
To cleanse th' impure for His own bright array.
Wash thee in His dear blood, and trembling wear
His holy Sign, and take thy station there.

2

Wash thee, and watch thine armour; as of old
The champions vowed of Truth and Purity,
Ere the bright mantle might their limbs enfold,
Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie
Three summer nights outwatched the stars on
high,

And found the time too short for busy dreams,
 Pageants of airy prowess dawning nigh,
 And fame far hovering with immortal beams.
 And more than prowess theirs, and more than
 fame ;
 No dream, but an abiding consciousness
 Of an approving God, a righteous aim,
 An arm outstretched to guide them and to bless :
 Firm as steel bows for Angels' warfare bent,
 They went abroad, not knowing where they went.

3

For why ? the sacred Pentecostal eve
 Hath bathed them with its own inspiring dew,
 And gleams more bright than summer sunsets
 leave
 Lingered well-nigh to meet the morn's fresh hue,
 Dwelt on each heart ; as erst in memory true,
 The Spirit's chosen heralds o'er all lands
 Bore the bright tongues of fire. Thus, firm and
 few,
 Now, in our fallen time, might faithful bands
 Move on th' eternal way, the goal in sight,
 Nor to the left hand swerve for gale or shower,
 Nor pleasure win them, wavering to the right ;
 Alone with Heaven they were that awful hour,
 When their oath sealed them to the war of Faith ;
 Alone they will be in the hour of death.

LONELINESS

LXXXV.

THE COURSE OF TRUTH

Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God.

WHEN royal Truth, released from mortal
throes,
Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose,
Ill had the Holiest sued
A patron multitude,
Or courted Tetrarch's eye, or claimed to rule
By the world's winning grace, or proofs from
learned school.

But, robing Him in viewless air, He told
His secret to a few of meanest mould ;
They in their turn imparted
The gift to men pure-hearted,
While the brute many heard His mysteries high,
As some strange fearful tongue, and crouched
they knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been :
Lodged in the few, obeyed, and yet unseen.
Reared on lone heights, and rare,
His Saints their watch-flame bear.
And the mad world sees the wide-circling blaze,
Vain-searching whence it streams, and how to
quench its rays.

d.

LXXXVI.

THE CHURCH A REFUGE

TIME was, though truth eterne I felt my creed,
 That when men smiled and said, "Thy
 words are strong,
 But others think not thus ; and dar'st thou plead
 That thou art right, and all beside thee wrong ?"
 I shrunk abashed, nor dared the theme prolong.
 Now, in that creed's most high and holy strain
 Led to revere the Church's solemn tone,
 The calm, clear accents of the chosen One,
 CHRIST's mystic Bride, ordained with Him to
 reign,
 I hear with pitying sigh such taunts profane :
 Taught that my faith, in hers, is based secure
 On the unshaken Rock, that shall for aye endure.

a.

LXXXVII.¹

THE WATCHMAN

(A Song)²*Quit you like men, be strong.*

FAINT not, and fret not, for threatened woe,
 Watchman on Truth's grey height !
 Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
 Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

¹ Not included in "Verses on Various Occasions" till 1874.

² I will transcribe for you a sort of ecclesiastical carol, which I wrote as an experiment, but which I am by no means confident is a successful one ("Letters," i. 299).

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
 Ill-attuned pair, unite ;
 Some work for love, and some work for hire,
 But weakness shall be Heaven's might !

Eli's feebleness, Saul's black wrath,
 May aid Ahitophel's spite :
 And prayers from Gerizim, and curses from
 Gath . . .
 Our weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Quail not, and quake not, thou Warden bold,
 Be there no friend in sight ;
 Turn thee to question the days of old,
 When weakness was aye Heaven's might.

Moses was one, yet he stayed the sin
 Of the host, in the Presence bright :
 And Elias scorned the Carmel-din,
 When Baal would scan Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
 And one is the Infinite ;
 The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
 For scantness is still Heaven's might.

d.

LXXXVIII.

VEXATIONS

EACH trial has its weight: which whose bears,
 Knows his own woe, and need of succour-
 ing grace :
 The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace

Of flowing blood ; the while life's humblest
cares
Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ
no place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief
Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
Apart from Him if not a sparrow fail,
May not He pitying view, and send relief,
When foes or friends perplex, and peevish
thoughts prevail ?

Then keep good heart ; nor take the self-
wise¹ course
Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.
Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just
To the bare letter, heedless of its force,
But walking by its light amid earth's sun and dust.

d.

LXXXIX.

THE WINTER THRUSH

First printed in the "British Magazine" for April 1833 (before the "Lyra Apostolica" series began), and entitled, "To a thrush singing in the middle of a village, January 1833." It was not added to the "Lyra Apostolica" until the third edition of the collected poems.

SWEET bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

¹ 1853, niggard.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
 Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
 Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
 And here and there a heart.

The first snow wreaths are scarcely gone,
 (They stayed but half a day,)
 The berries bright hang ling'ring on,
 Yet thou hast learned thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
 Has hardly brushed thy wing ;
 Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
 Good-morrow to the spring !

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
 Some wakeful mourner lies,
 Dim roaming days and years around,
 That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
 For thou hast winged his spright,
 Back to some hour when hopes were nigh
 And dearest friends in sight ;

That simple fearless note of thine
 Has pierced the cloud of care,
 And lit awhile the gleam divine
 That blessed his infant prayer ;

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
 The scorner's withering smile ;
 While hearts, he deemed, beat true and right,
 Here in our Christian Isle.

That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still ;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive ;
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall, shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King ?
He sworn with us to be ?
The birds that chant before the spring,
Are truer far than we.

COMMUNE DOCTORUM

xc.

ORACLES OF TRUTH

HAIL, glorious Lights, kindled at God's own
urn,

Salt of the nations—whence the soul imbue
Savours of Godhead, virtues pure and true,
So that all die not—whence serenely burn
In their bright Orbs sure Truth and Virtue bold,
Putting on virgin honours undefiled :
Bounteous by you the World's Deliverer mild
Of treasured wisdom deals His stores untold.
Hail ! channels where the living waters flow,
Whence the Redeemer's field shows fair, and glow
The golden harvests : ye from realms above
Bring meat for manly hearts, and milk for babes
in love.

These bear, great God, Thy sword and shield ;
These rear th' eternal Palace Hall ;
Skilled with one hand Thine arms to wield,
With one to build Thy Wall.

Ye in your bright celestial panoply
O'ercame dark Heresy :

And when her brood from Stygian night
Renew the fight,
We too may grasp your arrows bright ;
E'en till this hour we combat in your mail,
And with no doubtful end—we combat and
prevail.

Hail ! Heavenly Truth, guiding the pen
Of wise and holy men ;

To thee, though thou be voiceless, doth belong
 A spirit's tongue,
 Which in the heart's deep home, uttereth a song.*
 ζ.

✓
xci.

THE GREEK FATHERS

LET others sing thy heathen praise,
 Fallen Greece! the thought of holier days
 In my sad heart abides;

* (*From the Paris Breviary.*)

Vos succensa Deo splendida Lumina :
 Vos Sal, nos homines quo sapimus Deum ;
 Ævum puri animo moribus integri
 Quo condimur in alterum :
 Per vos Relligio, tutaque Veritas
 Per vos virgineis fulget honoribus :
 Per vos Christus amat pandere divites
 Thesauros Sapientiæ.
 Vestris unda fluit pura canalibus :
 Christi floret ager ; munda nitet seges ;
 Lac aptum pueris et solidum viris
 Cauti sufficitis cibum.
 Hi sunt, Summe Deus, qui tibi militant ;
 Hi sunt, qui stabiles ædificant domos ;
 Una docta cohors arma tenet manu,
 Muros construit altera.
 Vicistis Stygias vos quibus Hæreses,
 Hæc nos accipimus tela superstites ;
 His pugnamus adhuc, nec dubio exitu ;
 His armis quoque vincimus.
 Sit suprema tibi gloria, Veritas,
 Quæ per scripta Patrum, quando foris sonas,
 Nullo, vocis egens, corda doces sono ;
 Et te mentibus inseris.

For sons of thine in Truth's first hour
 Were tongues and weapons of his power,
 Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
 Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page :
 And Dionysius, ruler sage
 In days of doubt and pain ;
 And Origen, with eagle eye ;
 And saintly Basil's purpose high
 To smite imperial heresy,
 And cleanse the Altar's stain.

From thee the glorious Preacher came
 With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
 A court's stern martyr-guest ;
 And thine, O inexhaustive race !
 Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace ;
 And royal-hearted Athanase,
 With Paul's own mantle blest.

d.

xcii.

CLEMENT

METHOUGHT I saw a face divinely fair,
 With nought of earthly passion ; the mild
 beam
 Of whose bright eye did in mute converse seem
 With other countenances, and they were
 Gazing on her made beautiful. Their theme
 Was One that had gone up the heavenly stair,
 And left a fragrance on this lower air,
 The contemplation of His Love supreme.

And that high form held forth to me a hand :
 It was celestial Wisdom, whose calm brow
 Did of those early Sciences inquire,
 If they had of His glory aught retained ;
 Yes ! I would be admitted to your choir,
 That I may nothing love on earth below.

ζ.

xciii.

ORIGEN

INTO God's Word, as in a palace fair,
 Thou leadest on and on, while still beyond
 Each chamber, touched by holy wisdom's wand,
 Another opes, more beautiful and rare ;
 And thou in each art kneeling down in prayer,
 From link to link of that mysterious bond
 Seeking for Christ ; but oh, I fear thy fond
 And beautiful torch, that with so bright a glare
 Lighteth up all things, lest the heaven-lit brand
 Of thy serene Philosophy divine
 Should take the colourings of earthly thought,
 And I, by their sweet images o'erwrought,
 Led by weak Fancy should let go Truth's hand,
 And miss the way into the inner shrine.

ζ.

† xciv.

ATHANASIUS

WHEN shall our northern Church her
 champion see
 Raised by Divine decree,

To shield the Ancient Truth at his own
harm? . . .

Like him who stayed the arm
Of tyrannous power, and learning's sophist-tone,
Keen-visioned Seer, alone.

The many crouched before an idol-priest,
Lord of the world's rank feast.
In the dark night, 'mid the saints' trial sore,
He stood, then bowed before
The Holy Mysteries,—he their meetest sign,
Weak vessel, yet divine.*

Cyprian is ours, since the high-souled primate laid
Under the traitorous blade
His silvered head. And Chrysostom we claim
In that clear eloquent flame
And deep-taught zeal in the same woe, which
shone
Bright round a Martyr's throne.

And Ambrose reared his crosier as of old,
Less honoured, but as bold,
When in dark times our champion crossed a
king:—
But good in everything
Comes as ill's cure. Dim Future! shall we NEED
A prophet for Truth's Creed?

δ.

* Vid. the account of Syrianus breaking into his Church, Theodoret, *Hist.* ii. 13.

PEACE-LOVING man, of humble heart
and true !

What dost thou here ?
Fierce is the city's crowd ; the lordly few
Are dull of ear !

Sore pain it was to thee, till thou didst quit
Thy patriarch-throne at length, as though for
power unfit.

So works the All-wise ! our services dividing
Not as we ask :

For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty-task.

See in kings' courts loth Jeremiah plead ;
And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of
deed !

Yes ! thou, bright Angel of the East, didst rear
The Cross divine,

Borne high upon thy clear-voiced accents, where
Men mocked the Sign ;

Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,
And hearts were stirred, and deemed a Pentecost
was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not
rule¹ :—

So, gentle one,
Heaven broke at last the consecrated tool
Whose work was done ;

¹ See "Apologia," p. 59.

According thee the lot thou lovedst best,—
To muse upon times past, to serve, yet be at rest.

δ.

xcvi.

BASIL

BEAUTIFUL flowers round Wisdom's secret
well,
Deep holy thoughts of penitential lore,
But dressed with images from Nature's store,
Handmaid of Piety. Like thine own cell
By Pontic mountain wilds and shaggy fell,
Great Basil ! there, within thy lonely door,
Watching, and Fast, and Prayer, and Penance
dwell,
And sternly nursed Affections heavenwardsoar.
Without are setting suns and summer skies,
Ravine, rock, wood, and fountain melodies;
And Earth and Heaven, holding communion
sweet,
Teem with wild beauty. Such thy calm retreat,
Blest Saint ! and of thyself an emblem meet,
All fair without, within all stern and wise.

ζ.

xcvii.

THE AFRICAN CHURCH

The gifts and calling of God are without repentance.

THE lions prowl around, thy grave to guard,
And Moslem prayers profane

At morn and eve come sounding ; yet unscared
 The Holy Shades remain :—
 Cyprian, thy chief of watchmen, wise and bold,
 Trusting the lore of his own loyal heart ;
 And Cyprian's master, as in age high-souled,
 Yet choosing as in youth the better part.
 There, too, unwearied Austin, thy keen gaze
 On Atlas' steep, a thousand years and more,
 Dwells, waiting for the first rekindling rays,
 When Truth upon the solitary shore
 For the fallen West may light his beacon as of yore.

7.

XCVIII.

HOOKER

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

VOICE of the wise of old !
 Go breathe thy thrilling whispers now
 In cells where learnèd eyes late vigils hold,
 And teach proud Science where to veil her brow.

Voice of the meekest man !
 Now while the Church for combat arms,
 Calmly do thou confirm her awful ban,
 Thy words to her be conquering, soothing charms.

LYRA APOSTOLICA 1C 1

Voice of the fearless Saint !
Ring like a trump, where gentle hearts
Beat high for Truth, but, doubting, cower and
faint :—
Tell them the hour is come, and they must
take their parts.

7.

THE RULE OF FAITH

XCIX.

Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.

I.

TRUTH through the Sacred Volume hidden lies,
 And spreads from end to end her secret wing,
 Through ritual, type, and storied mysteries.
 From this or that, when Error points her sting,
 From all her holds, Truth's stern defences spring,
 And Text to Text the full accordance bears.
 Through every page the Universal King,
 From Eden's loss unto the end of years,
 From East unto the West, the Son of Man appears.

2.

Thus, when she made the Church her hallowed shrine,
 Founded on Jesus Christ the Corner-stone,
 With Prophets, and Apostles, and the Line
 Of ordered Ministers, Truth ever one,
 Not here or there, but in the whole hath shone.
 Whilst heresies arise of varying clime
 And varying form and colour,—the true Sun,
 One and the same through all advancing time,
 The Whole His Mansion makes, vast, uniform,
 sublime.

3.

Mark, how each Creed stands in that Teat
revealed,
Romish, and Swiss, and Lutheran novelties !
As in the light of Spenser's magic shield.*
Falsehood lets fall her poisoned cup and flies,
Rome's seven-headed monster sees and dies !
New forms of Schism which changing times
supply
Behold the unwonted light in wild surprise.
In darkness bold, bright-shining arms they spy,
And down their Parent's mouth the Imps of
Error hie ! †

4.

The Church her ample bosom may expand,
Again contract,—may open far and wide
Her tent, extend her cords, on either hand
Break forth, again into herself subside ;
Alike with her Faith's oracles abide,
Revered by fickle worshipper, or spurned.
Oft faint, ne'er lost, the Lamp by Heaven
supplied,
Oft dimmed by envious mists, ne'er undiscerned,
God's Witness through all time, hath in His
temple burned.

5.

O Holy Truth, whene'er thy voice is heard,
A thousand echoes answer to the call ;
Though oft inaudible thy gentle word,
While we regard not. Take me from the thrall

* "The Faery Queen," B. i. c. viii. 21.

† *Ibid.*, B. i. c. i. 15.

Of passionate Hopes, be thou my All in All ;
So may Obedience lead me by the hand
Into thine inner shrine and secret hall.
Thence hath thy voice gone forth o'er Sea and
Land,
And all that voice may hear—but none can
understand,

6.

Save the obedient. From both love and hate,
Affections vile, low cares, and envy's blight,
And controversial leanings and debate,
Save me ! from earthly film my mental sight
Purge thou, make my whole body full of Light !
So may my eyes from all things Truth convey,
My ears in all thy lessons read aright,
My dull heart understand, and I obey,
Following where'er the Church hath marked
the Ancient Way.

ζ.

DISSENT

C.

THE ONE WAY

That we should earnestly contend for the faith that was once [for all] delivered unto the saints.—ST. JUDE 3.

ONE only Way to Life ;
One Faith, delivered once for all ;
One holy Band, endowed with Heaven's high
call ;
One earnest, endless strife ;—
This is the Church th' Eternal framed of old.

Smooth open ways, good store ;
A Creed for every clime and age,
By Mammon's touch new moulded o'er and o'er ;
No cross, no war to wage ;—
This is the Church our earth-dimmed eyes be-
hold.

But ways must have an end,
Creeds undergo the trial flame,
Nor with th' impure the Saints for ever blend,
Heaven's glory with our shame :
Think on that hour, and choose 'twixt soft and
bold.

C.I.

IDOLATRY AND DISSENT

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.

“THE thing that hath been, it shall be.”

Through every clime and age
Doth haughty man, 'gainst Heaven's decree,
The same mad warfare wage :
Deeming, of old, the homage shame
Which One on High of right could
claim ;

Loathing a power that based not still
Its throne upon his own wild will ;
Gods whom he chose and made, he served
alone,
And worshipped his own pride, in blocks of
wood and stone.

“The thing that hath been, it shall be.”

The self-same pride this hour
Bids headstrong myriads round us flee
The Church's sheltering bower.
Man, still unchanged, and still afraid
Of power by human hands unmade,
For all her Altar's rights divine,
Will name his priest, will choose his
shrine ;
And votaries, doomed in other days to bow
Within the idol's fane, throng the false prophet's
now.

α.

CII.



THE AGE TO COME

WHEN I would search the truths that in me
burn,

And mould them into rule and argument,
A hundred reasoners cried :—" Hast thou to
learn

Those dreams are scattered now, those fires
are spent ? "

And, did I mount to simpler thoughts and try
Some theme of peace, 'twas still the same reply.

Perplexed, I hoped my heart was pure of guile,
But judged me weak in wit, to disagree ;

But now, I see that men were mad awhile,

And joy the AGE TO COME will think with me ;
'Tis the old history ;—Truth without a home,
Despised and slain—then, rising from the tomb.

δ.

CIII.

SCATTERED SHEEP

*I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have
not a shepherd.*

POOR wanderers, ye are sore distrest
To find that path which CHRIST has blest,
Tracked by His saintly throng ;
Each claims to trust his own weak will,
Blind idol !—so ye languish still,
All wranglers, and all wrong.

He saw of old, and met your need,
 Granting you prophets of His creed,
 The throes of fear to suage ;
 They fenced the rich bequest He made,
 And sacred hands have safe conveyed
 Their charge from age to age.

Wanderers ! come home ! when erring we
 Christ's Church aye kept the faith, nor lost
 One grain of Holy Truth :
 She ne'er has erred as those ye trust,
 And now shall lift her from the dust,
 And REIGN as in her youth ! ¹

a

1 1853—

Wanderers ! come home ! obey the call !
 A mother pleads, who ne'er let fall
 One grain of Holy Truth ;
 Warn you and win she shall and must,
 For now she lifts her from the dust,
 To reign as in her youth.

RELIGIOUS STATES

CIV.

Patriarchal Faith

WE are not children of a guilty sire,
 Since Noe stepped from out his wave-
 tossed home,
 And a stern baptism flushed earth's faded
 bloom.
 Not that the heavens then cleared, or cherub's fire
 From Eden's portal did at once retire ;
 But thoughts were stirred of Him who was to
 come,
 Whose rainbow hues so streaked the o'er-
 shadowing gloom,
 That faith could e'en that desolate scene admire.
 The Lord has come and gone ; and now we wait
 The second substance of the deluge type,
 When our slight ark shall cross a molten surge ;
 So, while the gross earth melts, for judgment
 ripe,
 Ne'er with its haughty turrets to emerge,
 We shall mount up to Eden's long lost gate.

d.

CV.

HEATHENISM

'MID Balak's magic fires
 The Spirit spake clear as in Israel ;

With prayers untrue and covetous desires
 Did God vouchsafe to dwell ;
 Who summoned dreams, His earlier word to bring
 To holy Job's vexed friends, and Gerar's guile-
 less king.

If such o'erflowing grace
 From Aaron's vest e'en on the Sibyl ran,
 Why should we fear the Son now lacks His
 place,
 Where roams unchristened man ?
 As though, when faith is keen, He cannot make
 Bread of the very stones, or thirst with ashes
 slake.

a

CVI.

JUDAISM

(A Tragic Chorus)

O PITEOUS race !
 Fearful to look upon ;
 Once standing in high place,
 Heaven's eldest son.
 O aged blind
 Unvenerable ! as thou flittest by,
 I liken thee to him in pagan song,
 In thy gaunt majesty,
 The vagrant King, of haughty purposed mind,
 Whom prayer nor plague could bend ; *

* Vide the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles.

Wronged at the cost of him who did the wrong,
 Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
 And honoured in his end.

O Abraham ! sire
 Shamed in thy progeny ;
 Who to thy faith aspire,
 Thy Hope deny.¹
 Well wast thou given
 From out the heathen an adopted heir,²
 Raised strangely from the dead, when sin had
 slain
 Thy former-cherished care.³
 O holy men, ye first-wrought gems of heaven !
 Polluted in your kin,
 Come to our fonts, your lustre to regain !
 O Holiest Lord ! . . . but Thou can'st take no
 stain
 Of blood, or taint of sin.

Twice in their day
 Proffer of precious cost
 Was made, Heaven's hand to stay
 Ere all was lost.
 The first prevailed ;
 Moses was outcast from the promised home
 For his own sin, yet taken at his prayer⁴
 To change his people's doom.
 Close on their eve, one other asked and failed ;
 When fervent Paul was fain

¹ Hope of Messiah : (Gen. xii. 3). ² Ishmael.
³ Lot. ⁴ Num. xiv. 20

The accursed tree, as CHRIST had borne, to bear,¹
 No hopeful answer came—a Price more rare
 Already shed in vain.

d.

CVII.

SUPERSTITION²

O LORD and Christ, Thy Churches of the
 South
 So shudder, when they see
 The two-edged sword sharp-issuing from Thy
 mouth,
 As to fall back from Thee,
 And seek to charms of man, or saints above,
 To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of grace
 and love !

But I before Thine awful eyes will go,
 And firmly fix me there
 In my full shame ; not bent my doom to know,
 Not fainting with despair ;
 Not fearing less than they, but deeming sure,
 If e'en Thy Name shall fail, nought my base
 heart can cure.

d.

¹ Rom. ix. 3.² Not in "Verses on Various Occasions," 1868, introduced in 1874 with two alterations, l. 1, *children* for *churches*; l. 5, *heathen rite* for *saints above*, and *love and light* for the rhyme.

CVIII.

SCHISM¹

O H, rail not at our brethren of the North,
 Albeit Samaria finds her likeness there ;
 A self-formed Priesthood, and the Church cast
 forth
 To the chill mountain air.

What though their fathers sinned, and lost the grace
 Which seals the Holy Apostolic Line ?
 Christ's love o'erflows the bounds His Prophets
 trace
 In His revealed design.

Israel had Seers ; to them the Word is nigh ;
 Shall not that Word run forth, and gladness give
 To many a Shunammite,² till in His eye
 The full Seven-thousand live ?³

d.

CIX.

LIBERALISM⁴

Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan.

Y E cannot halve the gospel of God's grace ;
 Men of presumptuous heart ! I know you
 well.

¹ This poem was not included in "Verses on Various Occasions" until 1874.

² 2 Kings iv. 16.

³ 1 Kings xix. 18.

⁴ For the interpretation of this term see Appendix to "Apologia."

Ye are of those who plan that we should
dwell,
Each in his tranquil home and holy place :
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs ;
Ye heard it speak of peace, chastised desires,
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more :
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass them
by.

And so ye halve the Truth ; for ye in heart,
At best are doubters whether it be true—
The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,
Statesmen or sages. O new-ventured art.
Of the ancient Foe !—but what if it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid our friends ?
d.

cx.

APOSTASY

FRANCE ! I will think of thee, as what thou
wast,
When Poictiers showed her zeal for the true
creed ;¹
Or in that age, when holy truth, though cast

¹ Perhaps a reference to St Hilary, Bishop of Poictiers (fourth century), a protagonist in the Arian Controversy.

On a rank soil, yet was a thriving seed
 Thy schools within, from neighbour countries
 chased.¹

E'en of thy pagan day I bear to read,
 Thy Martyrs sanctified the guilty host,
 The sons of blessed John, reared on a western
 coast.²

I dare not think of thee as what thou art,
 Lest thoughts too deep for man should trouble
 me.

It is not safe to place the mind and heart
 On brink of evil, or its flames to see ;
 Lest they should dizzy, or some taint impart,
 Or to our sin a fascination be.

And so by silence I will now proclaim
 Hate of thy present self, and scarce will sound
 thy name.

δ.

CXI.
 CONVERSION

ONCE cast with men of language strange
 And foreign-moulded creed,

¹ The schools of Paris, Orleans, and Chartres were famous in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

² By "a western coast" Newman means Gaul, with reference to Asia Minor, the district in which St John's influence was predominant, and from which Christianity spread westwards. The martyrs referred to are those of Lyons and Vienne, of whom we know from a letter written by these churches "to the brethren that are in Asia and Phrygia" (see Lightfoot's essay on "Supernatural Religion," chap. viii.)

116 LYRA APOSTOLICA

I marked their random converse change,
And sacred themes succeed.

O how I coveted the gift
To thread their mingled throng
Of sounds, then high my witness lift !
But weakness chained my tongue.

Lord ! has our dearth of faith and prayer
Lost us this power once given ;
Or is it sent at seasons rare,
And then flits back to Heaven ?

8

MOTHER AND CHILD

CXII.

A VOICE FROM NORTH AMERICA

When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.

MOTHER ! and hast thou left thy child
 With winds unpitying in the wild,
 Stretching his feeble arms from far,
 Where coldly sets the Western star ; *
 And is thy fostering bosom dry ?

My Child ! upon me is a chain,
 'Mid those who have our Master slain ;
 And signs I see of coming war,
 Tempestuously it broods afar,—
 The night in silence driveth by.

Mother ! whate'er betide thee, save
 The Robe and Arms He dying gave ;
 That, thee to keep, a sheltering charm,—
 And these, thy foes from their own harm ;
 O watch them wisely, warily !

My Child ! I hold them still, but they
 Would those immortal Arms essay,
 And rend my sheltering Robe in twain ;
 But aye with me shall they remain,—
 With them I live, with them I die !

Mother ! 'tis late, with fear I cope,
 And from my dangers gather hope :

* Canada.

The world grows sere, and I my bed
 Have made of leaves around me shed,
 Till come the Day-spring from on high.

My Child ! whate'er shall me betide,
 An Angel's face is at thy side ;
 He, who amid the Arabian wild
 Did with the mother save the child,
 Doth o'er thee lean, and hear thy cry.

Mother ! some Hand, through sky, o'er sea,
 Leads wandering birds protectingly,
 'Mid floating piles, and ocean dark ;
 That Hand will guide thy homeless bark —
 Then leave them to their enmity.

My Child ! shall mine forsaken be,
 That I may feed thy flock with thee ?
 Yet know, ere they shall me bereave
 Of mine own Arms — yea, though I grieve,
 Unto thine icy hills I fly.

Mother ! our sun hath gone to rest,
 But left behind a gleaming vest ;
 It lies the western sky along,
 And round me comes a starry throng,
 From out our Father's house on high.

My Child ! as darker grows the night,
 Good angels thus shall o'er thee light ;
 And Memory, true to Him that's gone,
 Shall take his torch and lead thee on,
 A moon unfelt, but calm and nigh.

THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH

cxiii.

EXPOSTULATION

1.

WHY is our glorious Angel seen to mourn,
 With earth-bent brow forlorn ?
 Why hangs the cold tear on his cheeks ?
 Ah me ! his silence speaks ;
 It is the Spoiler's parricidal hand,
 And the apostate land,
 Which would herself God's candlestick dis-
 place,
 And put aside her cup of grace :
 Hence, darkly gleaming through the nightly
 grove,
 Bowed down in pitying love,
 Thou hearest all alone
 The short precursive moan,
 When in their mountain lair th' awakening
 thunders move.

2.

“ Not for the Spoiler's parricidal hand,
 Nor the apostate land,
 That I am darkly seen to mourn,
 With earth-bent brow forlorn ;
 But that the widowed Church, in hour of
 pride,
 Her sackcloth laid aside,
 Slumbering in Canaan's camp, and wakes to
 mourn

Her ancient strength and glory shorn.
 Where are thy weekly fasts? Thy vigils
 where?

Therefore each wandering air
 Comes o'er thee desolate;
 And ere it reach Heaven's gate,
 Blows frustrate o'er the earth thy feeble-hearted
 prayer."

3.

The flood-gates on me open wide,
 And headlong rushes in the turbulent tide
 Of lusts and heresies! a motley troop they
 come;
 And old imperial Rome
 Looks up and lifts again half-dead
 Her seven-horned head;
 And Schism and Superstition, near and far,
 Blend in one pestilent star,
 And shake their horrid locks against the Saints
 to war.

4.

" Not for the flood-gates opening wide,
 I fear, nor for the turbulent rushing tide;
 But for the Church, so loth at her mysterious board
 To see her present Lord.
 Therefore, around thine Altars deep
 The Angels bow and weep;
 Or oh, in strength of Heaven's ennobling
 might,
 How should we see the light!
 And one a thousand chase, ten thousand turn to
 flight!"

5.

Again I hear thy plaintive tale
 In the autumnal gale ;
 But since thou passedst through the fires,
 With our old martyr Sires,
 Thou seem'st as one escaped the flame,
 But looking back for something left behind,—
 The unshackled high resolve, the holier aim,
 Single-eyed faith in loyalty resigned,
 And heart-deep prayers of earlier years.
 And since that popular billow o'er thee past,
 Which thine own Ken from out the vineyard cast,
 Now, e'en far more
 Than then of yore,
 An altered mien thy holy aspect wears.
 And oft thy half-averted brow
 Doth seem in act to go,
 With half out-spreading wings,
 And foot that heavenward springs ;
 Therefore to thee I draw, by fear made bold,
 And strive with suppliant hand thy mantle skirts
 to hold.

6.

“Can they who flock to Freedom's shrine,
 Themselves to me resign ?
 There lift the Heaven defying brow,
 And here in meekness bow ?
 There to put on the soul aggrieved,
 And attitude their high deserts to claim ;
 Here kneel from their deserts to be relieved,
 Claim nothing but the Cross, and their own
 shame ?
 And now, behold and see

In holy place the ABOMINATION stands,
Whose breath hath desolated Christian lands,
 In semblance fair,
 And saint-like air,
The Antichrist of heathen liberty !
E'en on Religion's hallowed ground,
 He hath his altar found ;
 And now ere winter's net
 Is o'er thy pathway set,
Haste and arise, to Judah's mountain flee,
And drink the untainted fount of pure Antiquity." ζ.

LET US DEPART HENCE *

[This section appeared in the "British Magazine" for March 1833, before the series of the "Lyra Apostolica" opened.]

CXIV.

PROFANATION

IS there no sound about our Altars heard
 Of gliding forms that long have watched in vain
 For slumbering discipline to break her chain,
 And aim the bolt by Theodosius feared?
 "Let us depart;"—these English souls are seared,
 Who for one grasp of perishable gold
 Would brave the curse by holy men of old
 Laid on the robbers of the shrines they reared:
 Who shout for joy to see the ruffian band
 Come to reform, where ne'er they came to pray,
 E'en where, unbidden, Seraphs never trod.
 Let us depart, and leave the apostate land
 To meet the rising whirlwind as she may,
 Without her guardian Angels and her God.

7.

* *Μεταβαλωμένες ἐντεῦθεν.* Among the portents which took place before the taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, the following is mentioned by Josephus: "During the Festival which is called Pentecost, the Priests, by night, having come into the inner temple to perform their services, as was their custom, they reported that they perceived first a motion, a noise, and then they heard as it were a great crowd, saying, Let us depart hence."—Vide *Bishop Newton on the Prophecies*, vol. ii. Dissert. 18.

CXV.

ATHANASIAN CREED

“SEEK we some realm where virgin souls
 may pray
 In faith untarnished by the sophist’s scorn,
 And duly raise on each diviner morn
 The Psalm that gathers in one glorious lay
 All chants that e’er from heaven to earth found
 way :
 Majestic march ! as meet to guide and time
 Man’s wandering path in life’s ungenial clime,
 As Aaron’s trump for the dread Ark’s array.
 Creed of the Saints, and Anthem of the Blest,
 And calm-breathed warning of the kindliest love
 ’That ever heaved a wakeful mother’s breast,
 (True love is bold, and gravely dares reprove,) Who knows but myriads owe their endless rest
 To thy recalling, tempted else to rove ?”

7.

CXVI.

BURIAL SERVICE

“AND they who grudge the Omnipotent His
 praise,
 What wonder if they grudge the dead his
 hope ?
 The irreverent restless eye finds room and
 scope,
 E’en by the grave, to wrangle, pry, and gaze.
 Heaven in its mercy hides, but man displays ;
 Heaven throws a gleam, where they would
 darken all ;

A shade, where they, forgetting worm and pall,
 Sing triumph : they excite, but Heaven allays.
 Alas, for England's mourners, if denied
 The soothing tones of Hope, though faint and
 low,
 Or swoln up high, with partial tearless pride !
 Better in silence hide their dead, and go,
 Than sing a hopeless dirge, or coldly chide
 'The faith that owns release from earthly woe.'"

γ.

CXVII.

LENGTH OF THE PRAYERS

"BUT Faith is cold, and wilful men are strong,
 And the blithe world, with bells and
 harness proud,
 Rides tinkling by, so musical and loud,
 It drowns the eternal word, the angelic song :
 And one by one the weary listless throng
 Steals out of church, and leaves the choir
 unseen
 Of winged Guards to weep, where prayer had
 been,
 That souls immortal find that hour too long.
 Most fatal token of a falling age !
 Wit ever busy, Learning ever new,
 Unsleeping Fancy, Eloquence untired ;—
 Prayer only dull ! The Saints' and Martyrs'
 page
 A tedious scroll ; the scorned and faithful few
 Left to bewail such beauty undesired."

γ.

CXVIII.

A REMNANT

SONS of our Mother! such the indignant strain
Might haply strike, this hour, a pastor's
ear,
Purged to discern, for once, the aerial train
Of heavenly sentinels yet lingering here;
And what if, blending with the chant austere,
A soft inviting note attune the close;
"We go;—but faithful hearts will find us
near,
Who cling beside their Mother in her woes,
Who love the rites that erst their fathers loved,
Nor tire of David's hymn, and JESUS' Prayer:—
Their quiet altars, wheresoe'er removed,
Shall clear with incense sweet the unholy air;
In persecution safe, in scorn approved,
Angels, and He who rules them, will be there."

70

CAPTIVITY

CXIX.

SCIENCE

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

THERE is one only Bond in the wide earth
Of lawful use to join the earth in one ;¹

But in these weary times, the restless run
E'en to its distant verge, and so give birth
To other friendships, and joint-works to bind
Their hearts to the unclean whom there they
find.

And so is cast upon the face of things
A many webs to fetter down the Truth ;
While the vexed Church, which gave in her
fair youth

Prime pattern of the might which order brings,
But dimly signals to her distant seed,
There strongest found, where darkest in her creed.

O shame ! that Christian joins with Infidel² !
In learned search and curious-seeming art !
Burn we our books, if Christ'a we be in heart,
Sooner than heaven should court the praise of hell !
Self-flattering age ! to whom shall I not seem
Pained with hot thoughts, the preacher of a
dream ?

d.

¹ The unity of the Spirit (Eph. iv. 3).

² Is this a reference to the Bridgewater Treatises
which began in 1833 ?

† cxx.

PROTESTANTISM

I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce My servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols.

WEEP, Mother mine,¹ and veil thine eyes
with shame!

What was thy sin of old,
That men now give thy awful-sounding name¹
To the false prophet's fold?
Whose flock thy crozier claim.

Sure thou hast practised in the tongues unclean

Which Babel-masters teach;
Slighting the Paraclete's true flame serene,
The inimitative speech,
Which throned thee the world's queen.

But, should earth-dust, from court or school of men

Have dimmed thy bridal gear,
When Wrath next walks his rounds, and in
Heaven's ken
Thy charge and works appear
Ah! thou must SUFFER then!

d.

¹ Catholic Church.

† CXXI.

CONSERVATISM

My soul is among lions : and I lie even among the children of men that are set on fire, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

HOW long, O Lord of grace,
Must languish Thy true race,
In a forced friendship linked with Belial here ;
With Mammon's brand of care,
And Baal pleading fair,
And the dog-breed who at Thy Temple jeer ?

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall Cæsar do us wrong,
Laid but as steps to throne his mortal power ?
While e'en our Angels¹ stand
With helpless voice and hand,
Scorned by proud Haman,² in his triumph-hour.

'Tis said our seers discern
The destined bickerings stern,
In the dim distance, of Thy fiery train.
O nerve us in that woe !
For, where Thy wheels shall go,
We must be tried, the while Thy foes are slain.

d.

CXXII.

THE WITNESS

I will give power unto My two witnesses, and they shall prophesy.

HOW shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,

¹ i.e. Bishops.

² Earl Grey, or perhaps the Whig Cabinet personified.

And raise on high his baptism-light,
 Like Aaron's seed in ritual¹ white,
 And holy tempered² Nazarite?

First let him shun the haunts of vice,
 Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice;
 Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
 Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
 Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
 Aye must he lift his witness, when
 A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
 And none at hand of higher grace
 The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
 First he will lose his hate of ill;
 Next, fear of sinning, after hate;
 Small sins his heart then desecrate,
 And last, despair persuades to great.

δ.

¹ 1853, vestment.

² hearted.

JEREMIAH

[This section appeared in the "British Magazine" for November 1835.]

CXXIII.

THE PATRIOT

Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans.

THEY say, "The man is false, and falls away :"

Yet sighs my soul in secret for their pride ;
Tears are mine hourly food, and night and day
I plead for them, and may not be denied.

They say, " His words unnerve the warrior's hand,

And dim the statesman's eye, and disunite
The friends of Israel ; " yet, in every land,
My words, to Faith, are Peace and Hope
and Might.

They say, " The frenzied one is fain to see
Glooms of his own ; and gathering storms
afar ; —

But dungeons deep, and fetters strong have we." —
Alas ! heaven's lightning would ye chain and
bar ?

Ye scorers of th' Eternal ! wait one hour ;
In His seer's weakness ye shall see His power.

γ.

CXXIV.

THE RULER OF THE NATIONS

I have set thee this day over the nations, and over the kingdoms.

“THE Lord hath set me o'er the kings of earth,
 To fasten and uproot, to build and mar ;
 Not by mine own fond will : else never war
 Had stilled in Anathoth the voice of mirth,
 Nor from my native tribe swept bower and
 hearth :
 Ne'er had the light of Judah's royal star
 Failed in mid-heaven, nor trampling steed
 and car
 Ceased from the courts that saw Josiah's birth.
 'Tis not in me to give or take away,
 But He who guides the thunder-peals on high,
 He tunes my voice, the tones of His deep sway
 Faintly to echo in the nether sky.
 Therefore I bid earth's glories set or shine,
 And it is so ; my words are sacraments divine.”

γ.

CXXV.

THE AVENGER

This man is worthy to die ; for he hath prophesied against this city.

“NO joy of mine to invite the thunder down,
 No pride, the uprising whirlwind to
 survey,
 How gradual from the north, with hideous
 frown,

It veers in silence round the horizon grey,
 And one by one sweeps the bright isles away,
 Where fondly gazed the men of worldly peace,
 Dreaming fair weather would outlast their day.
 Now the big storm-drops fall, their dream must
 cease—

They know it well, and fain their ire would wreak
 On the dread arm that yields the bolt ; but He
 Is out of reach, therefore on me they turn ;—
 On me, that am but voice, fading and weak,
 A withered leaf inscribed with Heaven's decree,
 And blown where haply some in fear may learn.”

γ.

CXXVI.

THE HERALD OF WOE

I said, I will not make mention of him. . . . But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire.

“ **S**AD privilege is mine, to show
 What hour, which way, the bitter streams
 will flow.
 Oft have I said, ‘Enough—no more
 To uncharmed ears th’ unearthly strain I pour !’
 But the dread word its way would win,
 Even as a burning fire my bones within,
 And I was forced to tell aloud
 My tale of warning to the reckless proud.”
 Awful warning ! yet in love
 Breathed on each believing ear,
 How Heaven in wrath would seem to move
 The landmarks of a thousand year,
 And from the tablets of th’ eternal sky
 The covenant oath erase of God most high.

That hour full timely was the leaf unrolled,
Which to the man beloved the years of bondage
told,

And till his people's chain should be outworn,
Assigned him for his lot times past and times
unborn.

γ.

CXXVII.

THE COMFORTER

O ye remnant of Judah, go ye not into Egypt.

“ O SWEETLY timed, as e'er was gentle
hand
Of mother prest on weeping infant's brow,
Is every sign that to His fallen land
Th' Almighty sends by prophet mourners now.
The glory from the ark is gone,—
The mystic cuirass gleams no more,
In answer from the Holy One,—
Low lies the temple, wondrous store
Of mercies sealed with blood each eve and morn ;
Yet heaven hath tokens for faith's eye forlorn.

“ Heaven by my mouth was fain to stay
The pride that, in our evil day,
Would fain have struggled in Chaldea's chain :
Nay, kiss the rod : th' Avenger needs must
reign :
And now, though every shrine is still,
Speaks out by me the unchanging will ;
‘ Seek not to Egypt ; there the curse will come ;
But, till the woe be past, round Canaan roam,
And meekly bide your hour beside your ruined
home.’ ”

γ.

PROFANENESS

CXXVIII.

AUTUMN

NOW is the Autumn of the Tree of Life ;
 Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful
 earth,
 Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds' strife,
 Heartless to store them for the months of dearth,
 Men close the door, and dress the cheerful
 hearth,
 Self-trusting still ; and in his comely gear
 Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.
 But I will out amid the sleet, and view
 Each shrivelling stalk and silent-falling leaf ;
 Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
 Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,
 Unanswered here ; for she, once pattern chief
 Of faith, my Country, now gross-hearted grown,
 Waits but to burn the stem before her idol's throne.

δ.

CXXIX.

SAMUEL

THOU chosen Judge of Israel's race,
 Grown grey in holy toil,
 Whose lips are truth's own dwelling-place,
 Whose hands no bribe can soil,

And is it thus the tribes of God
Spurn thy meek rule and gifted rod ?

Yet where are Dathan's cursed crew ?

And where Abiram's seed ?

Must Heaven its fires of wrath renew ?

Must earth repeat her deed,

And from the nations sweep away,

Who scorn the Prophet's gentle sway ?

But no—the flames of holy zeal

Sad pity's tears assuage ;

Over his kindling eyes there steal

Tears for God's heritage.

While for the rebel tribes flows forth

The prayer that stems Jehovah's wrath.

O Mother of our sinful land,

By kings and saints of yore

Called to Britannia's savage strand

From Syria's distant shore,

And do thy wayward children rage

'Gainst the meek sceptre of thine age ?

And must each shrine of simple state,

In purer days devote

To holy names yet consecrate,

Where holy voices float,

In dust beneath their feet be trod

Who make the people's voice a god ?

Then be it ;—of thy sons the while

Be but the love more warm,

Nor theirs to court the people's smile,

Nor to the age conform.

So for our land their prayers may rise,
And God accept when men despise.

8.

CXXX.

SACRED SEASONS

Quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos Dei à terra.
[Psalm lxxiii. 8, Vulgate.]

WHEN first earth's rulers welcomed home
The Church, their zeal impressed
Upon the seasons, as they come,
The image of their guest.

Men's words and works, their hopes and fears,
Henceforth forbid to rove,
Paused, when a Martyr claimed her tears,
Or Saint inspired her love.

But craving wealth, and feverish power,
Such service now discard :
The loss of one excited hour
A sacrifice too hard !

And e'en about the holiest day,
God's own in every time,
They doubt and search, lest aught should stay
The cataract of crime.

Where shall this cease ; must Crosiers fall,
Shrines suffer touch profane,
Till, cast without His vineyard wall,
The Heaven-sent Heir is slain ?

8.

CXXXI.

SACRED PLACES

CHRIST'S Church was holiest in her youthful days,

Ere the world on her smiled;
So now, an outcast, she would pour her rays
More keen and undefiled;
Yet would I not that hand of force were
mine,
Which thrusts her from her awful ancient
shrine.

'Twas duty bound each convert-king to rear
His Mother from the dust,
And pious was it to enrich, nor fear
Christ for the rest to trust;
But who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been?

Dear Brothers!—hence, while ye for ill prepare,
Triumph is still your own;
Blest is a pilgrim Church!—yet shrink to share
The curse of breaking down.
So will we toil in our old place to stand,
Still calmly looking for the spoiler's hand.

δ.

CXXXII.

UZZAH AND OBED-EDOM

Μὴ κίνει Καμαρίναν· ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμεινῶν.¹

THE ark of God has hidden strength ;
 Who reverence or profane,
 They, or their seed, shall find at length
 The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought
 Of old its destined place,
 A blessing on the home it brought
 Of one who did it grace.²

But there was one, outstripping all
 The holy-vestured band,
 Who laid on it, to save its fall,
 A rude corrective hand.³

Read, who the Church would cleanse, and
 mark
 How stern the warning runs :
 There are two ways to aid her ark,
 As patrons and as sons.

d.

¹ i.e. "Do not touch Camarina; it is best left alone;" a Greek proverb, said to have been the answer given by the Delphic oracle to a proposal to drain the marsh of Camarina. The inhabitants, nevertheless, wishing to escape malaria persisted, and by draining the lake exposed their walls to attack. The appositeness of the quotation is not obvious.

² 2 Samuel vi. 10.

³ 2 Samuel vi. 6.

CXXXIII.

"I find I am no poet, and have only squeezed out one production, and that is political and so fierce that [Rose] will not put it in for three or four numbers" ("Remains," i. 308).

ΠΕΡΙ ΤΗΣ ΜΙΣΗΤΟΥ ΣΤΑΣΕΩΣ.¹

The Powers that be are ordained of God.

YES, mark the words, deem not that saints alone
 Are Heaven's true servants, and His laws
 fulfil
 Who rules o'er just and wicked. He from
 ill
 Culls good, He moulds the Egyptian's heart of
 stone
 To do Him honour, and e'en Nero's * throne
 Claims as His ordinance; before Him still
 Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will
 Most does His bidding, following most its own.
 Then grieve not at their high and palmy
 state,
 Those proud bad men, whose unrelenting sway
 Has shattered holiest things, and led astray
 Christ's little ones: they are but tools of
 Fate,
 Duped rebels, doomed to serve a POWER they
 hate,
 To earn a traitor's guerdon, yet obey.

β.

¹ i.e. On the hateful party; probably the Liberal party of 1833.

* Romans xiii. 1-8

SACRILEGE

CXXXIV.

SUPPRESSION OF IRISH SEES

I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee.—JOB xlvi. 5.

I.

'TWAS on the day * when England's Church
of yore

Hailed the New year—a day to angels known,
Since holy Gabriel to meek Mary bore

The presence-token of th' Incarnate Son—

Up a low vale a shepherd strayed alone ;
Slow was his step and lowly bent his eye,

Save when at times a thought of tasks undone
His wakened wincing memory stung too nigh :
Then startled into speed, else wandering wearily.

2.

A shepherd he, but not of lambs and ewes,
But of that flock redeemed with precious
Blood ;

Thoughtless too oft, now deeply seen to muse
O'er the cold lea and by the rushing flood,
And where the pathway skirts the leafless
wood,

And the heaped snow, in mockery of the spring,
Lies mantling primrose flower and cowslip bud,

* The above was written March 25, 1833, whilst
the Irish Church Bill was in progress.

And scared birds forget to build and sing,
So rudely the cold North has brushed each
tender wing.

3.

These Easter snows, of evil do they bode ?
Of Faith's fair blossoms withering ere their
prime ;
And of a glorious Church that early glowed
Bright as yon Crown of Stars in cold clear
time,
That never sets, Pride of our arctic clime,
Now deeply plunged where tempests drive and
sweep,
Wavering and flickering, while rude gusts of
Crime
Rush here and there across th' ethereal deep,
And scarce one golden Isle her station seems to
keep ?

4.

Nay—'tis our human eyes, our airs of earth,
That waver ; yet on high th' unquenched
stars
Blaze as they blazed, and in their might go forth :
The spouse of Heaven nor crime nor rapine
mars.
But the Most HIGH permits these earthly jars,
That souls yet hearing only, may awake
And see Him near, and feel and own the bars
'Twixt them and Him. O be Thou near to
make
The worldly dream dissolve, the seared con-
science ache !

5.

But chiefly theirs who at Thine Altar serve,
 And for the souls elect Thy life-blood pour ;
 O grief and shame, when aged Pastors swerve
 To the base world or wild schismatical lore.
 Alas ! too lightly by Thine open door
 They had been listening ; not within the shrine
 Kneeling in Christian calmness to adore,
 Else had they held untired by Thee and Thine :
 Nor gain nor fancy then had lured them from
 Thy shrine.

6.

Lord of a world in years, a Church decayed,
 If from Thy whirlwind answering, as of old,
 Thou with the vile wilt plead, till we have laid
 Our hand upon our mouth, and truly told
 Our tale of contrite Faith—(O not too bold
 The prayer)—then welcome, whirlwind, anger,
 woe,
 Welcome the flash that wakes the slumbering
 fold
 Th' Almighty Pastor's arm and eye to know,
 And turn their dreamy talk to holy Fear's stern
 glow.

7.

cxxxv.

WITHHOLDING OF TITHES

But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee ? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse ; for ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation.

HEARD ye ? the unerring Judge is at the door !
 The curse of God is on thee, hapless Age,
 Binding thy brows with deadly sacrilege ;

Heaven's blight hath passed o'er thee ! Talk
no more ;
Your talking must the rising sea outroar,
Your schemes with God's own whirlwind
must engage,
Hand joined in hand with nature war must
wage,
Your thoughts of good are toiling for a shore
Against the full Monsoon. O teeming brood
Of hollow counsels impotent to good !
O full-sailed bark ! God's Curse thy bearing
wind,
And Sacrilege thy freight. Strange pregnant
scene,
While boldness mocks at judgment, and behind
Rises an Awful Form ! May I be clean !

ζ.

JUDGMENT

CXXXVI.

SIGHT AGAINST FAITH¹

And Lot went out, and spake unto his sons-in-law, that married his daughters, and said, Up! get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city. But he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law.

“ **S**UNK not the sun behind yon dusky hill,
 Glorious as he was wont? The starry
 sky,
 Spread o'er the earth in quiet majesty,
 Discern'st thou in its clear deep aught of ill?
 Or in this lower world, so fair and still,
 Its palaces and temples towering high;
 Or where old Jordan, gliding calmly by,
 Pours o'er the misty plain his mantle chill?
 Dote not of fear, old man, where all is joy,
 And heaven and earth thy augury disown;
 And Time's eternal course rolls smoothly on,
 Fraught with fresh blessings as day follows
 day.
 The All - bounteous hath not given to take
 away;
 The All-wise hath not created to destroy.”

β.

¹ In Froude's “Remains” the title is, “Lot's Sons-in-Law,” and the motto, “All things continue as they were from the beginning of the Creation.”

CXXXVII.
PROSPERITY

When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them.

WHEN mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be ;
When haughty power mounts high,
The Watcher's axe is nigh :
All growth has bound : when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,
Builds court and palace¹ vast,
And vaunts—it shall not last !
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys,²
With fond adoring gaze,
And yearning heart, thy friend,—
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Towards an end.

δ.

¹ 1853, uprears its pageants.

² "It was when the cholera was imminent we parted as if, perhaps, we might not see each other again. With reference to the memory of that parting, when I shook hands with him [Froude] and looked into his face with great affection, I afterwards wrote the stanza" ("Letters," i. 273).

CXXXVIII.

FAITH AGAINST SIGHT

As it was in the day of Lot, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man.

THE world has cycles in its course, when all
That once has been, is acted o'er again :
Not by some fated law, which need appal
Our faith, or binds our deeds as with a chain ;
But by men's separate sins, which blended still
The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true
hearts !
These are the fig-tree's signs ; rough deeds must
be,
Trials and crimes ; so learn ye well your
parts :
Once more to plough the earth it is decreed,
And scatter wide the seed.

d.

TRADE

CXXXIX.

TYRE

HIGH on the stately wall,
 The spear of Arvad¹ hung ;
 Through corridor and hall
 Gemaddin's¹ war-note rung.
 Where are they now ? the note is o'er ;
 Yes, for a thousand years and more
 Five fathom deep beneath the sea
 Those halls have lain all silently ;
 Nought listing save the mermaids' song,
 While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors
 along.

Far from the wandering² East
 Tubal and Javan came,
 And Araby the blest,
 And Kedar, mighty name.
 Now on that shore, a lonely guest,
 Some dripping fisherman may rest,
 Watching on rock or naked stone
 His dark net spread before the sun,
 Unconscious of the dooming lay,³
 That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall
 brood for aye.

β.

¹ See Ezekiel xxvii. 11.

² The text in Froude's "Remains" has "wondering." Perhaps the line should run, "Far wandering from the East."

³ Ezekiel's prophecy.

ENGLAND

TYRE of the West, and glorying in the name
 More than in Faith's pure fame !
 O trust not crafty fort nor rock renowned
 Earned upon hostile ground ;
 Wielding Trade's master-keys, at thy proud will
 To lock or loose its waters, England ! trust not
 still.

Dread thine own power ! since haughty Babel's
 prime
 High towers have been man's crime.
 Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay
 bare,¹
 Strongholds have been man's snare.
 Thy nest is in the crags ; ah ! refuge frail !
 Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors, will prevail

He who scanned Sodom for His righteous men
 Still spares thee for thy ten ;
 But should vain hands defile the temple wall,
 More than His Church will fall :²
 For, as Earth's kings welcome their spotless guest,
 So gives He them by turn, to suffer or be blest.

d.

¹ See Herodotus, i. 191 for Cyrus's capture of the city by draining the river bed.

² 1853—

But should vain tongues the Bride of Heaven defy
 He will not pass thee by.

CXLI.

UNITED STATES

Because that Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem, Aha! she is broken that was the gates of the people; she is turned unto me; I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste; Therefore thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus.

TYRE of the farther West! be thou too warned,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world
o'erspread,

Touching two Oceans: wherefore hast thou
scorned

Thy fathers' God, O proud and full of bread?
Why lies the Cross unhonoured on thy ground,
While in mid air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to be blessed where Saints and
Angels haunt?

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God.

O while thou yet hast room, fair fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forest,
lake, and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turn'st thine
ear,
Listening if haply with the surging sea,

Blend sounds of Ruin from a land once dear

To thee and Heaven. O trying hour for thee!
Tyre mocked when Salem fell: where now is
Tyre?

Heaven was against her. Nations thick as
waves

Burst o'er her walls, to Ocean doomed and fire:
And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned
merchants' graves.

γ.

THE AGE

[This section first appeared in the "British Magazine" for January 1836.]

CXLII.

THE RELIGION OF THE MAJORITY

"TRUTH! What is truth? Shall Israel's
 king or state
 Bow down, in Salem's costly shrine, to Him
 Therein enthroned between the Cherubim,
 Because the Lord is God? Nay, we but kneeled
 Before the Ark, by yonder veil concealed,
 Because that solemn Ark to consecrate
 The people chose. Now, if that people's voice,
 With altered tones, in idol hymns rejoice,
 Lo! we obey the mandate. Raise the cry—
 O Baal, hear us! To the host on high
 Pour the drink offering! Moloch's burning
 throne,
 Or Egypt's monsters, Israel's state shall own,
 If Israel's tribes such deities demand.
 Truth! What is truth? Shall Levi dare to brand
 As false the creed the Gentile deems divine,
 Or point to miracle, or mystic sign
 Wrought, as he dreams, to prove the truth of yore?
 Perish the thought: we heed such dreams no
 more;
 Let Levi, let his brethren, learn that now
 Kings to their people's gods—to them alone—
 will bow."

a.

CXLIII.

NATIONAL PROPERTY

“HARK ! Baal’s praise resounds from countless choirs—

See gladdening nations hail his festal day—
While round the Lord’s high shrine, the Levites’
fires,

Some seven poor thousands with Elijah stay.
Then say, can they require, that scanty band,
Nay, can their puny sect presume to hold,
The wealth by monarchs erst with lavish
hand

Down on Moriah’s favoured altars told ?
What kings have given, kings again may
claim.

Then onward ! To the temple ! In the
name

Of David’s line, of Judah’s kingly throne,
Tear down th’ inlaying gold of Solomon.
Nor view, ye timid few, our course with
fear—

We reverence, reared, the shrine we would not
rear,

And take not all. With thankfulness receive
That portion of your own we deign to leave ;
And let the many from your surplus store,
Mould their own idols. We demand no more.
Speak ye of rights ? What right, in reason’s
eye,

Outweighs the sanction of a nation’s nod ?
Who shall condemn a people ? Who deny
That people’s privilege to choose their God ? ”

CXLIV.

NATIONAL DEGRADATION

GOD of our Israel ! by our favoured sires
 Once known, once honoured ! And is
 this the creed
 Hailed, in their children's councils, with the meed
 Of godless acclamation ; while the fires
 Burn low on Thy dread Altar, and around
 Th' advancing Gentile treads the hallowed
 ground ?
 Yea, it is thus ; and nerveless rulers hear,
 Unholy triumph kindling in their eyes,
 And catch fresh ardour from each maddening
 cheer,
 To urge the spoiler toward his glittering prize.
 Yea, worst of all, not Bethel's priest alone,
 Or Bel's adorer swells the plaudit's tone,—
 Thine own apostate worshipper, to Thee,
 Mocking or self-deceived, who bends the knee,
 Dares join the clamour ; dares, though sworn
 to wait,
 A faithful guard, before Thy vineyard's gate,
 Tear down her fence, and bid the forest boar
 Uproot Thy cherished vine on green Ierne's shore.

α.

CXLV.

PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH

AND where is now the Tishbite ? Where is he
 Should wave his master's robe, and call on
 Thee,
 The Lord God of Elijah ? All is o'er.

And while the Gentile scorns Thine awful frown,
Th' apostate digs Thy hallowed Altar down,
We see no sign, we hear no prophet more.
Nay, Bride of Heaven ! thou art not all bereft,
Though this world's prince against thy power
rebels ;

By thrones, dominions, wealth, and honours left,
Within thee still the ETERNAL SPIRIT dwells,
Thy pledged possession. Seek nor seer nor
sign,

True Temple of that Habitant Divine ;
Thy part is simple. Fearless still proclaim
The Truth to men who loathe her very name.
Proclaim that He, to Paul in glory shown,
E'en from that glory calls thy wrongs His own.
And if thy night be dark—if tempests roll
Dread as the visions of thy boding soul—
Still, in thy dimness, watch, and fast, and pray ;
And wait the Bridegroom's call—the burst of
opening day.

a.

CHAMPIONS OF THE TRUTH

CXLVI.

THE WATCHMAN

[The first four poems in this section appeared in the "British Magazine" for July 1835; the sonnet on Oxford in that for April 1833 before the commencement of the "Lyra Apostolica."]

Who shall go for us? And I said, Here am I: send me.

DULL thunders moan around the Temple Rock,

And deep in hollow caves, far underneath,
The lonely watchman feels the sullen shock,—

His footsteps timing as the low winds breathe;
Hark! from the shrine is asked, What steadfast heart

Dares in the storm go forth? Who takes th' Almighty's part?

And with a bold gleam flushed, full many a brow

Is raised to say, "Behold me, L ORD, and send."

But ere the words be breathed, some broken vow

Remembered ties the tongue; and sadly blend With Faith's pure incense, clouds of conscience dim,

And faltering tones of guilt mar the Confessor's hymn.

CXLVII.

THE CREED

If waiting by the time-crowned halls,
 Which nurtured us for CHRIST in youth,
 We love to watch on the grey walls
 The lingering gleam of Evangelic Truth ;—
 If to the spoilers of the soul,
 Proudly we show our bannered scroll,
 And bid them our old war-cry hear,
 “ GOD IS MY LIGHT ; * whom need I fear ! ”
 How bleak, that hour, across our purpose high,
 Sweeps the chill damping shade of thoughtless
 years gone by !

How count we then lost eve and morn,
 The bell unwelcomed, prayer unsaid,
 And holy hours and days outworn
 In youth’s wild race, Sin’s lesson newly read !
 Then deem we, “ ill could Angels brook
 The lore that on our lips we took,
 On lips profane celestial lore : ”
 And hardly dare we keep the door,
 Though sentries sworn : the memory thrills so
 keen
 How with unready hearts at first we ventured in.

7.

CXLVIII.

SPOLIATION

BUT sadder strains, and direr bodings dark,
 Come haunting round th’ Almighty’s cap-
 tive ark,
 * “ Deus illuminatio mea,” is the motto of the
 University of Oxford.

By proud Philistine hosts beset,
 With axe and dagger newly whet
 To hew the holy gold away,
 And seize their portion as they may.

Fain would we fix th' unswerving foot, and bare
 The strong right arm, to share
 The glorious holy war ; but how undo
 The knot our father tied ? Are we not spoilers
 too ?

How for God's altar may that arm be bold,
 Where cleaves the rust of sacrilege of old ?

Oh, would my country once believe,
 But once her contrite bosom heave,
 And but in wish or vow restore
 But one fair shrine despoiled of yore !

How would the windows of th' approving sky
 Shower down the dews on high !

Armed Levites then, within the Temple dome,
 Might we the foe await, nor yet profane God's
 home.

Vain disappointing dream ! but oh ! not vain,
 If haply on the wakening heart remain

The vow of pure self-sacrifice,
 The conscience yearning to devise
 How God may have His treasure lost,
 And we not serve Him without cost.

To such methought, I heard an Angel say,
 "Offer not all to-day,

While spoilers keep the shrine : yet offer all,
 Treasurer of God's high cause : half priestly is
 thy call."

CHURCH AND KING

NOR want there Seraph warnings, morn and eve,

And oft as to the holiest Shrine we bear
Our pure unbloody gifts, what time our prayer
In Heaven's sure ward all Christian Kings would leave.

Why should that prayer be faltering? Wherefore heave

With sadness loyal hearts, when hallowed air
That solemn suffrage hears! Alas! our care
Is not for storms without, but stains that cleave
Ingrained in memory, wandering thoughts profane;

Or worse, proud thoughts of our instructress meek,

The duteous Church, heaven-prompted to that strain.

Thus, when high mercy for our King we seek,
Back on our wincing hearts our prayers are blown

By our own sins, worst foes to England's throne.

And with our own, the offences of our land
Too well agree to build our burthen high,
CHRIST's charter blurred with coarse usurping hand,

And galled with yoke of feudal tyranny
The shoulders where the keys of David lie.

Angel of England! who might thee withstand?
Who for the spoiled and trampled Church deny

Thy suit in Heaven's high courts, might one
true band
Of holy brethren, breathing English air,
Be found, their Cross in thine array to bear,
And for their Mother cast Earth's dreams away?
Till then, all gaily as our pennons glance,
And at the trumpet's call the brave heart dance,
In fear and grief for Church and King we pray.

7.

CL.

OXFORD

(From Bagley, at 8 A.M.)

THE flood is round thee, but thy towers as yet
Are safe, and clear as by a summer's sea
Pierce the calm morning mist, serene and free,
To point in silence heavenward. There are met
Thy foster-children ; there in order set
Their nursing fathers, sworn to Heaven and
thee
(An oath renewed this hour on bended knee,) Ne'er to betray their Mother nor forget.—
Lo ! on the top of each aërial spire
What seems a star by day, so high and bright
It quivers from afar in golden light :
But 'tis a form of earth, though touched with fire
Celestial, raised in other days to tell
How, when they tired of prayer, Apostles fell.

7.

FIRE

[The two parts of this section appeared in the "British Magazine" for January and February 1835.]

PART I

The Lord thy God is a consuming fire.

CLI.

NADAB AND ABIHU

" **A**WAY, or ere the Lord break forth !
The pure æthereal air
Cannot abide the spark of earth,
'Twill lighten and not spare."

" Nay, but we know our call divine,
We feel our hearts sincere ;
What boots it where we light our shrine,
If bright it blaze and clear ? "

God of the unconsuming fire,
On Horeb seen of old,
Stay, Jealous One, Thy burning ire . . .
It may not be controlled !

The Lord breaks out, the unworthy die ;
Lo ! on the cedar floor
The robed and mitred corses lie—
Be silent and adore.

Yet sure a holy seed were they,
Pure hands had o'er them past,
Cuirass and crown, their bright array
In Heaven's high mould were cast.

L

Th' atoning blood had drenched them o'er,
 The mystic balm had sealed ;
 And may the blood atone no more,
 No charm the anointing yield ?

Silence, ye brethren of the dead ;
 Ye fathers' tears, be still :
 But choose them out a lonely bed,
 Beside the mountain rill.

Then bear them as they lie, their brows
 Scathed with the avenging fire,
 And wearing (sign of broken vows)
 The blest, the dread attire.

Nor leave unwept their desert grave,
 But mourn their pride and thine,
 Oft as rebellious thought shall crave
 To question words divine.

γ.

CLII.

THE BURNING AT TABERAH

THE fire of Heaven breaks forth,
 When haughty Reason pries too near,
 Weighing th' eternal mandate's worth
 In philosophic scales of earth,
 Selecting these for scorn, and those for holy fear.

Nor burns it only then :
 The poor that are not poor in heart—
 Who say, “ The bread of Christian men,
 We loathe it, o'er and o'er again,”—
 The murmurers in the camp, must feel the blaz-
 ing dart.

Far from the Lord's tent door,
 And therefore bold to sin, are they :
 " What should we know of Faith's high
 lore ?"
 Oh ! plead not so—there's wrath in store,
 And, tempered to our crimes, the lightnings
 find their way.

7.

CLIII.

KORAH, DATHAN AND ABIRAM

Dathan and Abiram.

" **H**OW long endure this priestly scorn,
 Ye sons of Israel's eldest-born ?
 Shall two, the meanest of their tribe,
 To the Lord's host the way prescribe,
 And feed our wildering phantasy
 With every soothing dream and lie
 Their craft can coin ? We see our woe,
 Lost Egypt's plenty well we know :
 But where the milk and honey ?—where
 The promised fields and vineyards fair ?
 Lo ! wise of heart and keen of sight
 Are these—ye cannot blind them quite—
 Not as our sires are we : we fear not open light."

Korah.

" And we too, Levites though we be,
 We love the song of liberty.
 Did we not hear the Mountain Voice
 Proclaim the Lord's impartial choice ?
 The camp is holy, great and small,
 Levites and Danites, one and all ;

Our God His home in all will make.—
 What if no priestly finger strake
 Or blood or oil o'er robe or brow,
 Will He not hear His people's vow ?
 Lord of all Earth, will He no sign
 Grant but to Aaron's haughty line ?
 Our censers are as yours : we dare you to the
 shrine.”

Thus spake the proud at prime of morn ;
 Where was their place at eve ? Ye know ;
 Rocks of the wild in sunder torn,
 And altars scathed with fires of woe !
 Earth heard and sank, and they were gone ;
 Only their dismal parting groan
 The shuddering ear long time will haunt.
 Thus rebels fare : but ye, profane,
 Who dared th' anointing Power disdain
 For freedom's rude unpriestly vaunt,
 Dire is the fame for you in store :
 Your molten censers evermore
 Th' atoning altar must inlay ;
 Memorial to the kneeling quires
 That Mercy's God hath judgment fires
 For high-voiced Korahs in their day.

7.

CLIV.

ELIJAH AND THE MESSENGERS OF
AHAZIAH.

OH ! surely Scorer is his name,
 Who to the Church will errands bring
 From a proud world or impious king,
 And, without fear or shame,

In mockery own them “men of God,”
O'er whom he gaily shakes the miscreant
spoiler's rod.

But if we be God's own indeed,
Then is there fire in Heaven, be sure,
And bolts deep wounding, without cure,
For the blasphemer's seed ;—
Winged are they all, and aimed on high,
Against the hour when Christ shall hear His
martyr's cry.

Oh ! tell me not of royal hosts :—
One hermit, strong in fast and prayer,
Shall gird his sackcloth on, and scare
Whate'er the vain earth boasts ;
And thunder-stricken chiefs return
To tell their Lord how dire the Church's
lightnings burn.

FIRE

PART II

Our God is a consuming fire.

CLV.

THE SAMARITANS SPARED

AND dare ye deem God's ire must cease
 In Christ's new realm of peace?
 'Tis true, beside the scorner's gate
 The Lord long-suffering deigned to wait,
 Nor on the guilty town
 Called the stern fires of old Elijah down :
 A victim, not a judge, He came,
 With His own blood to slake th' avenging flame.

Now, by those hands so rudely rent
 The bow of Heaven is bent ;
 And ever and anon His darts
 Find out even here the faithless hearts,
 Now gliding silently,
 Now rushing loud, and blazing broad and high,
 A shower or ere that final storm
 Leave earth a molten ocean without form.

True Love, all gentle though she be,
 Hath eyes, the wrath to see ;
 Nor may she fail in faith to pray
 For hastening of Redemption's day,
 Though with the triumph come
 Forebodings of the dread unchanging doom :—

Though with the Saints' pure lambent light
Fires of more lurid hue mysteriously unite.

γ.

CLVI.

JULIAN

DREAD glimpses, even in gospel times,
have been ;

Nor was the holy Household mute,
Nor did she not th' Avenger's march salute
With somewhat of exulting mien.—

Angel harps ! of you full well

That measure stern

The Church might learn

When th' apostate Cæsar fell ;

Proud Champion he, and wise beyond the rest,
His shafts not at the Church, but at her Lord
addrest.

What will He do, the Anointed One on high,

Now that hell-powers and powers of Rome
Are banded to reverse His foemen's doom,

And mar His Sovereign Majesty ?

Seers in Paradise enshrined !

Your glories now

Must quail and bow

To th' high-reaching force of mind :

Vainly o'er Salem rolls your dooming tone—
Her sons have heard, this hour, a mightier trumpet
blown.

The foes of Christ are gathering, sworn to build

Where He had sworn to waste and mar ;

Plummet and line, arms of old Babel's war,

Are ready round Moriah's field.—

But the clouds that lightning breathe
 Were ready too ;
 And, bursting through,
 Billows from the wrath beneath
 For Christ and for His Seers so keenly wrought,
 They half subdued to faith the proud man's dying
 thought.¹

7.

CLVII.

THE FALL OF BABYLON

BUT louder yet the heavens shall ring,
 And brighter gleam each Seraph's wing,
 When—doomed of old by every Prophet's lyre,
 Theme of the saints' appealing cry
 While underneath the shrine they lie—
 Proud Babel in her hour sinks in her sea of fire.

While worldlings from afar bemoan
 The shattered Antichristian throne,
 The golden idol bruised to summer dust—
 “Where are her gems?—her spices, where?
 Tower, dome, and arch, so proud and fair—
 Confusion is their name—the name of all earth's
 trust.”

The while for joy and victory
 Seers and Apostles sing on high,

¹ Theodoret reports that when Julian was wounded in battle by a spear thrown at a venture, he cried, “Thou hast conquered, Galilean.”

Chief the bright pair who rest in Roman earth :
 Fall'n Babel well their lays may earn,
 Whose triumph is when souls return,
 Who o'er relenting Pride take part in Angels' mirth.

γ.

CLVIII.

DIVINE WRATH

THUS evermore the Saints' avenging God,
 With His dread fires hath scathed th' unholy ground ;
 Nor want there, waiting round th' uplifted rod,
 Watchers in heaven and earth aye faithful found.

God's armies, open-eyed, His aim attend,
 Wondering how oft these warning notes will peal,
 Ere the great trump be blown—the Judge descend :
 Man only wears cold look and heart of steel.

Age after age, where Antichrist hath reigned,
 Some flame-tipt arrow of the Almighty falls,
 Imperial cities lie in heaps profaned,
 Fire blazes round apostate council-halls.

And if the world sin on, yet here and there
 Some proud soul cowers, some scorner learns
 to pray ;
 Some slumberer rouses at the beacon glare,
 And trims his waning lamp, and waits for day.

γ.

THE EXCHANGE

CLIX.

FAREWELL TO FEUDALISM¹

*The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our
God shall stand for ever.*

'T IS sad to watch Time's desolating hand
 Doom noblest things to premature decay ;
 The Feudal court, the Patriarchal sway
 Of kings, the cheerful homage of a land
 Unskilled in treason, every social band
 That taught to rule with sweetness, and obey
 With dignity, swept one by one away ;
 While Proud Empirics rule in fell command.
 Yet, Christian ! faint not at the sickening sight ;
 Nor vainly strive with that supreme Decree.
 Thou hast a treasure and an armoury
 Locked to the spoiler yet : thy shafts are
 bright :
 Faint not : HEAVEN'S KEYS are more than
 sceptred might ;
 Their Guardians more than king or sire to thee.

β.

¹ In Froude's "Remains" the title given is "Farewell to Toryism," and the motto "Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not."

CLX.

REVIVAL OF THE PRIESTHOOD

Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.¹

SAY, who is he in desert seen,
 Or at the twilight hour ;
 Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,
 Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
 Calm, as in heaven he had been,
 Yet blithe when perils lower ?

My holy Mother made reply,
 " Dear Child, it is my priest.
 The world has cast me forth, and I
 Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky ;
 He bears to men my mandates high,
 And works my sage behest.

Another day, dear Child, and thou
 Shalt join his sacred band.
 Ah ! well I deem, thou shrinkest now
 From urgent rule and severing vow ;
 Gay hopes flit round, and light thy brow ;—
 Time hath a taming hand ! ”

d.

¹ In 1853 the motto was changed to “ And the woman fled into the wilderness.”

COMMUNE PONTIFICUM

[This section appeared in the "British Magazine" for October 1833 under the title Commune Episcoporum.]

AT EVEN, BEING THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK, THE DOORS
WERE SHUT WHERE THE DISCIPLES WERE ASSEMBLED FOR
FEAR OF THE JEWS.

CLXI.

CALLING

"**A**RE the gates sure?—is every bolt made fast?
No dangerous whisper wandering through;
Dare we breathe calm, and, unalarmed, forecast
Our calls to suffer or to do?"
O ye of little faith! twelve hours ago,
He whom ye mourn, by power unbound
The bonds ye fear; nor sealèd stone below
Barred Him, nor mailed guards around.

The Lord is risen indeed! His own have seen,
They who denied, have seen His face,
Weeping and spared. Shall loyal hearts not
lean
Upon His outstretched arm of grace?
Shine in your orbs, ye stars of God's new Heaven,
Or gathered or apart, shine clear!
Far, far beneath the opposing mists are driven,
The Invisible is waiting near.

JESUS CAME AND STOOD IN THE MIDST, AND SAITH UNTO THEM, PEACE BE UNTO YOU. AND WHEN HE HAD SO SAID, HE SHOWED THEM HIS HANDS AND HIS SIDE. THEN WERE THE DISCIPLES GLAD WHEN THEY SAW THE LORD.

CLXII.

TOKENS

IS He not near?—look up and see:
Peace on His lips, and in His hands and side

The wounds of love, He stays the trembling knee,
Nerves the frail arm His ark to guide.
Is He not near? O trust His seal
Baptismal, yet uncancelled on thy brow;
Trust the kind love His holy months reveal,
Oft as His altar hears thy deep heart-searching vow.

And trust the calm, the joy benign,
That o'er the obedient breathes in life's still hour,

When Sunday-lights with summer airs combine,

And shadows blend from cloud and bower.

And trust the wrath of Jesus' foes;
They feel Him near, and hate His mark on you;

O take their word, ye whom He loved and chose!

Be joyful in your King; the rebels own you true.

THEN SAID JESUS UNTO THEM AGAIN, PEACE BE UNTO YOU
AS MY FATHER HATH SENT ME, SO SEND I YOU.

CLXIII.

SEALS

AND shrink ye still?—He nearer draws,
And to His mission and His cause
Welcomes His own with words of grace and
might:
“Peace be to you!”—their peace who stand
In sentry with God’s sword in hand,
The peace of CHRIST’s loved champions warring
in His sight.

“Peace be to you!”—their peace who feel
E’en as the SON the FATHER’s seal,
So they the SON’s; each in his several sphere
Gliding, on fearless Angel wing.
One heart in all, one hope, one KING,
Each an Apostle true, a crowned and robed seer.

Sent as the FATHER sent the SON,
’Tis not for you to swerve, nor shun
Or power, or peril; ye must go before:
If caught in the fierce bloody shower,
Think on your LORD’s o’erwhelming hour—
Are ye not priests to Him who the world’s forfeit
bore?

Throned in His Church till He return,
Why should ye fear to judge and spurn *

* Vide Rev. ii. 26-28, which is also addressed to a Christian bishop.

This evil world, chained at His feet and yours?
 Why with dejected faltering air
 Your rod of more than empire bear?
 Your brows are royal yet; God's unction aye
 endures.

γ.

AND HAVING SAID THIS, HE BREATHED ON THEM, AND SAITH
 UNTO THEM, RECEIVE YE THE HOLY GHOST.

CLXIV.

GIFTS

BY your Lord's creative breath,
 Breathing Hope and scorn of death;
 Love untired, on Pardon leaning;
 Joy, all mercies sweetly gleaning;
 Zeal, the bolts of heaven to dart;
 Fragrant Purity of heart;—
 By the voice ineffable,
 Wakening your mazed thoughts with an Almighty
 spell;

By His word, and by His hour
 When the PROMISE came with power—
 By His HOLY SPIRIT's token,
 By His saintly chain unbroken,
 Lengthening, while the world lasts on,
 From His cross unto His throne—
 Guardians of His Virgin Spouse!
 Know that His might is yours, whose breathing
 sealed your vows.

γ.

WHOSOEVER SINS YE REMIT, THEY ARE REMITTED UNTO
THEM: AND WHOSOEVER SINS YE RETAIN, THEY ARE
RETAINED.

CLXV.

ARMS

BEHOLD your armoury!—sword and lightning shaft,

Culled from the stores of God's all-judging ire,
And in your wielding left! The words, that
waft

Power to your voice absolving, point with fire
Your awful curse. O grief! should Heaven's
dread Sire,

Have stayed, for you, the mercy-dews of old

Vouchsafed, when pastors' arms in deep desire
Were spread on high to bless the kneeling fold!
IF CENSURE SLEEP, WILL ABSOLUTION HOLD?

Will the great KING affirm their acts of grace,
Who careless leave to cankered rust and mould
The flaming sword that should the unworthy
chase

From His pure Eden? O beware! lest vain
Their sentence to *remit*, who never dare *retain*

PATIENCE

CLXVI.

THE AFFLICTED CHURCH

*τλῆθι, λέων, ἀτλητα παθῶν, τετληθτι θυμῷ.*¹

BIDE thou thy time !

Watch with meek eyes the race of
pride and crime,Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,²

Smiling and self-possess.

O thou, to whom is pledged a victor's sway,

Bide thou the victor's day !

Think on the sin

That reaped the unripe seed, and toiled to win

Foul history-marks at Bethel and at Dan,³

No blessing, but a ban ;

Whilst the wise Shepherd* hid his heaven-told
fate,

Nor recked a tyrant's hate.

Such need is gain :

Wait the bright Advent that shall loose thy chain !

E'en now the shadows break, and gleams divine

Edge the dim distant line.

When thrones are trembling, and earth's fat ones
quail,

True Seed ! thou shalt prevail !

δ.

¹ "Endure, O lion, with patient heart thy insufferable sufferings" (*see* Herodotus, v. 56).² Psalm lxix. 12.³ 1 Kings xii. 28.

* David.

† CLXVII.

THE BACKWARD CHURCH ✓

Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

WAKE, Mother dear, the foes are near,
 A spoiler claims thy child ;
 This the sole refuge of my fear,
 Thy bosom undefiled.

What spells of power, in this strange hour,
 My Mother's heart enslave ?
 Where is thy early bridal dower,
 To suffer and to save ?

Thee then I sue, Sleepless and True,
 Dread Maker reconciled !
 Help ere they smite, Thy shrine in view,
 The Mother with the child.

δ.

CLXVIII.

THE GATHERING OF THE CHURCH

He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

WHEREFORE shrink, and say, “Tis vain ;
 In their hour hell-powers must reign ;
 Vainly, vainly would we force
 Fatal Error's torrent course ;

Earth is mighty, we are frail,
Faith is gone, and Hope must fail.”

Yet along the Church’s sky
Stars are scattered, pure and high ;
Yet her wasted gardens bear
Autumn violets, sweet and rare—
Relics of a spring-time clear,
Earnests of a bright new year.

Israel yet hath thousands sealed,
Who to Baal never kneeled ;
Seize the banner, spread its fold !
Seize it with no faltering hold !
Spread its foldings high and fair,
Let all see the Cross is there !

What, if to the trumpet’s sound
Voices few come answering round ?
Scarce a votary swell the burst,
When the anthem peals at first ?
God hath sown, and He will reap ;
Growth is slow when roots are deep ;

He will aid the work begun,
For the love of His dear Son
He will breathe in their true breath
Who, serene in prayer and faith,
Would our dying embers fan
Bright as when their glow began.

CLXIX.

THE CHURCH IN PRAYER

*Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness,
those that remember Thee in Thy ways.*

WHY loiterest within Simon's walls,¹
Hard by the barren sea,
Thou Saint ! when many a sinner calls
To preach and set him free ?

Can this be he, who erst confessed
For CHRIST affection keen,
Now truant in untimely rest,
The mood of an Essene ?²

Yet he who at the sixth hour sought
The lone house-top to pray,
There gained a sight beyond his thought—
The dawn of Gentile day.

Then reckon not, when perils lower,
The time of prayer mis-spent ;
Nor meanest chance, nor place, nor hour,
Without its heavenward bent.

δ.

CLXX.

THE CHURCH IN BONDAGE

I, Paul, the prisoner of the Lord.

O COMRADE bold of toil and pain !
Thy trial how severe,

¹ Acts ix. 43.

² There is no justification for these epithets in Holy Scripture.

When severed first by prisoner's chain¹
From thy loved labour-sphere.

Say, did impatience first impel
The heaven-sent bond to break?
Or couldst thou bear its hindrance well
Loitering for Jesu's sake?

O might we know! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal
Or foes block up our way.

Lord! who Thy thousand years dost wait,
To work the thousandth part
Of Thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal a patient heart!

δ.

CLXXI.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH

And He said, It is finished.

CHRIST only, of God's messengers to man,
Finished the work of grace which He
began;
E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's height,
Though loth to leave the fight
With the doomed foe, and yield the sun-bright
land
To Joshua's arm'd hand.

¹ Acts xxviii. 20.

And David wrought in turn a strenuous part,
Zeal for God's house consuming him in heart ;
And yet he might not build, but only bring
 Gifts for the Heavenly King ;
And these another reared, his peaceful son,
 Till the full work was done.

List, Christian warrior ! thou, whose soul is fain
To rid thy Mother of her present chain ;—
CHRIST will unloose His Church ; yea, even now
 Begins the work, and thou
Shalt spend in it thy strength ; but, ere He save
 Thy lot shall be the grave.

δ.

DISAPPOINTMENT

† CLXXII.

ROME

FAR sadder musing on the traveller falls
 At sight of thee, O Rome !
 Than when he views the rough sea-beaten walls
 Of Greece, thought's early home ;
 For thou wast of the hateful Four, whose
 doom
 Burdens the Prophet's scroll ;¹
 But Greece was clean, till in her history's
 gloom
 Her name and sword a Macedonian stole.

And next a mingled throng besets the breast
 Of bitter thoughts and sweet ;
 How shall I name thee, Light of the wide West,
 Or heinous error-seat ?
 O Mother erst, close tracing Jesus' feet,
 Do not thy titles glow
 In those stern judgment fires,² which shall complete
 Earth's strife with Heaven, and ope the eternal
 woe ?

δ.

¹ "The heathen state was accursed as one of the infidel monsters of Daniel's visions" ("Letters," i. 388).

² Rev. xvii. 5.

† CLXXIII.

THE CRUEL CHURCH¹

O MOTHER Church of Rome! why has
thy heart
Beat so untruly towards thy northern child?
Why give a gift, nor give it undefiled,
Drugging the blessing with a step-dame's art?
Why bare thy sword? beneath thy censure's smart
Long days we writhed, who would not be
beguiled;
While thy keen breath, like blast of winter wild,
Froze, till it crumbled, each sublimer part
Of rite or work, devotion's flower and prime.
Thus have we lain, thy charge, a dreary time,
Christ's little ones, torn from faith's ancient home,
To dogs a prey. And now thou sendest foes,
Bred from thy womb, lost Church! to mock
the throes
Of thy free child, thou cruel-natured Rome!

d.

CLXXIV.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

O THAT thy creed were sound!
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou
Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.

1 "Oh that Rome were not Rome! but I seem to see as clear as day that a union with her is impossible. She is the *cruel church*, asking of us impossibilities, excommunicating us for disobedience, and now watching and exulting over our approaching overthrow." ("Letters," i. 385).

I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
 But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
 Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's un-
 thankful gloom.

There, on a foreign shore,
 The home-sick solitary finds a friend :
 Thoughts, prisoned long for lack of speech,
 outpour
 Their tears ; and doubts in resignation end.
 I almost fainted from the long delay,
 That tangles me within this languid bay,
 When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and
 wine to tend.¹

d.

CLXXV.
 FOREBODINGS

WHEN I am sad, I say,
 "What boots it me to strive,
 And vex my spirit day by day
 Dead memories to revive ?

Alas ! what good will come,
 Though we our prayer obtain,
 To bring old times triumphant home,
 And Heaven's lost sword ² regain ?

¹ "In my weary days at Palermo, I was not ungrateful for the comfort which I had received in frequenting the churches; nor did I ever forget it"

"Apologia," p. 54.

² 1853, wandering flocks.

Would not our history run
 In the same weary round,
 And service, in meek faith begun,
 One time¹ in forms be bound?

Union would give us strength,—
 That strength the earth subdue;
 And then comes wealth, and pride at length,
 And sloth, and prayers untrue.”

Nay, this is worldly wise :
 To reason is a crime,
 Since the LORD bade His Church arise,
 In the dark ancient time.

He wills that she should shine ;
 So we her flame must trim
 Around His soul-converting Sign,
 And leave the rest to Him.

Δ

CLXXVI.

MOSES SEEING THE LAND

MY Fathers' hope ! my childhood's dream !
 The promise from on high !
 Long waited for ! its glories beam
 Now when my death is nigh.

My death is come, but not decay ;
 Nor eye nor mind is dim ;
 The keenness of youth's vigorous day
 Thrills in each nerve and limb.

¹ 1853. At length.

Blest scene ! thrice welcome after toil—
If no deceit I view ;
O might my lips but press the soil
And prove the vision true !

Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,
Its many-tinted groves,
They call ! but He my steps restrains
Who chastens whom He loves.

Ah ! now they melt . . . they are but shades . . .
I die !—yet is no rest,
O Lord ! in store, since Canaan fades
But seen, and not possest ?

δ.

WAITING FOR CHRIST

† CLXXVII.

ISRAEL

*And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him ;
but he refused to be comforted.*

O SPECIOUS sin, and Satan's subtle snare,
That urges sore each gentlest meekest heart,
When its kind thoughts are crushed and its wounds smart,
World-sick to turn within and image there
Some idol dream, to lull the throbbing care !
So felt reft Israel, when he fain would part
With living friends ; and called on memory's art
To raise the dead and soothe him by despair.
Nor err they not, although that image be
God's own, nor to the dead their thoughts be given—
Earth-hating sure, but yet of earth enthralled ;
For who dare sit at home, and wait to see
High Heaven descend, when man from self is called
Up through this thwarting outward world to Heaven ?

δ.

SEPARATION

DO not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait
 Until their second birth,
 The gift of patience need, as separate
 From their first friends of earth ?
 Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
 By Eden's Angel flame,¹
 But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
 That crown, which was his aim.
 For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
 About his silent bier,
 A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
 And Hope and sacred Fear.
 Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
 Hope raised her chalice high,
 And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
 Viewed in the mourner's eye.

So day by day for him from earth ascends,
 As dew in summer-even,
 The speechless intercession of his friends,
 Toward the azure heaven.
 Ah ! dearest, with a word he could dispel
 All questioning, and raise
 Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
 And turning prayer to praise.
 And other secrets too he could declare,
 By patterns all divine,
 His earthly creed retouching here and there,
 And deepening every line.

¹ Paradise, see on li.

Dearest ! he longs to speak, as I to know,
 And yet we both refrain :
 It were not good ; a little doubt below,
 And all will soon be plain.

δ.

The last twelve lines were added after February 28, 1836, the date of R. Hurrell Froude's death.

CLXXXIX.

THE NEW JERUSALEM *

And I saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a Bride adorned for her Husband.

THE Holy Jerusalem
 From highest Heaven descending,
 And crowned with a diadem
 Of Angel bands attending,
 The Living City built on high,
 Bright with celestial jewelry !

She comes, the Bride, from Heaven gate,
 In nuptial new Adorning,
 To meet the Immaculate,
 Like coming of the morning,
 Her streets of purest gold are made,
 Her walls a diamond palisade.

There with pearls the gates are dight
 Upon that holy mountain ;
 And thither come, both day and night,
 Who in the Living Fountain

(* *From the Paris Breviary, in Festo Dedicationis.*)

Have washed their robes from earthly stain,
And borne below Christ's lowly chain.

By the hand of the Unknown
The Living Stones are moulded
To a glorious Shrine, **ALL ONE**,
Full soon to be unfolded ;
The building wherein God doth dwell,
The Holy Church invisible.

Glory be to God, who laid
In Heaven the foundation ;
And to the Spirit, who hath made
The walls of our salvation ;
To Christ Himself the Corner Stone,
Be glory ! to the Three in One.

ζ.

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